

d.c. gazette



Roland Freeman photo

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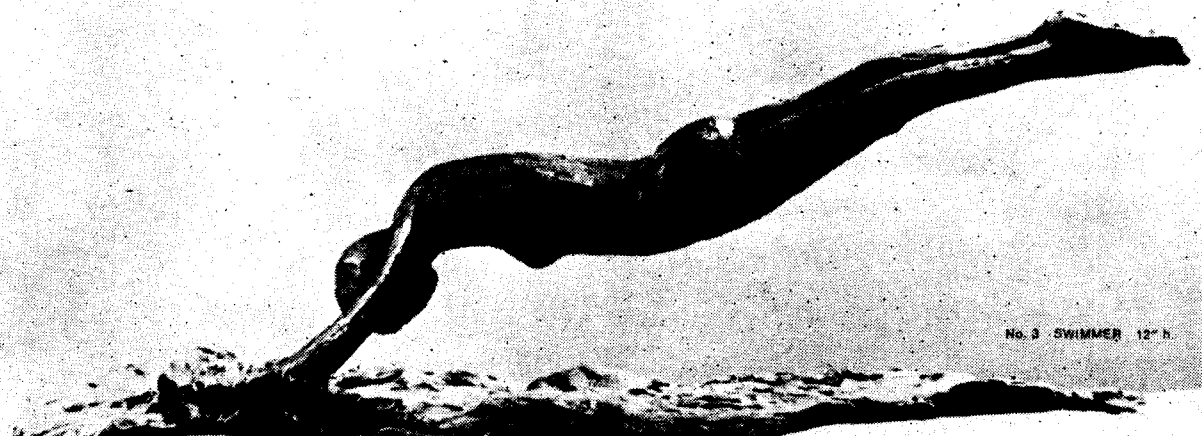
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ONE OF THE SCULPTURES OF DON SACO ON EXHIBIT AT MICKELSON'S THROUGH JANUARY 2.

THE GEORGETOWN JELLO CAPER

JOSIAH X. SWAMPOODLE

GATHER around boys and girls for another exciting adventure of Wally Wonderful and his faithful Republican companion, Jack Grievous, All-American Sy-cophant. As our story begins, Wally and Jack are sitting around a campfire off Wisconsin Avenue high above the Georgetown waterfront. With them are Uncle Julian, Cousin Sterling and Smilin' Adam. Down in the valley they can see the faint outlines of guerillas from the Citizens Association of Georgetown pouring Jello mix into an Inland Steel construction pit. Jack speaks first.

"Do you think we can stop them before they turn on the hoses, Wally?"

"We are developing the capability to do just that," comes the reply. "Even now, the forces of the SAC Five are moving south from Dupont Circle."

"Gee, Mr. Wonderful," says Smilin' Adam, "Why would anyone want to turn the Georgetown waterfront into Jello?"

"Quiet, Adam," Uncle Julian remonstrated. "Everyone knows it's a matter of racism. The people there are prejudiced against blacks and developers."

"Gee, Uncle Julian, I didn't know Inland Steel was part of the Civil Rights movement."

"Quiet, Adam — here read this book by Arthur Dacron Less."

"Isn't he the man who wrote 'Thirty Seconds Over Georgetown'?"

"Right, Cousin Sterling, but we don't have time for that. Let's practice the Tax Base Drill. Ready, everyone? . . . In time!"

Our heroes form a straight line as Uncle Julian sounds off:

They left; they left;

For want of development they left.

They won't stay downtown

If you don't give them ground;

Sound off,

One million, two million.

Sound off,

Thirty million, forty million

Suddenly, Cousin Sterling stops marching. Far off in the distance, he has espied a small band of enemy troops stealthily moving toward the Georgetown waterfront.

Wally Wonderful sees it, too. He says to the rest, "Don't worry; they'll never make it."

"You're right, Wally," says Cousin Sterling. "High rise to the left of them, high rise to the right of them, half an acre, half an acre onward, into the valley of death rode the Washington Ecology Center."

"We don't have time for that, Cousin Sterling. We must plot strategy," says Uncle Julian in a gruff voice.

"Right," says Wally Wonderful. "Right," says Jack Grievous. "Right, what?" asks Cousin Sterling. "I don't know," says Jack, "that's what they told me to say."

"Right," says Uncle Julian.

"Okay, now listen closely." The band bunches around Wally. "We've come a long way. We've established Ft. Lincoln and Ft. Eisenhower. General Quesada has moved out of his stronghold at L'Enfant Plaza and is tightening his grip on all of Pennsylvania Avenue. We've got a flanking movement going in the West End. We'll have the poor out of Shaw by Christmas and now we must get the rich out of Georgetown. Remember, gentlemen, people are our most important problem. Pound for pound, concrete does more than people for the tax base. Never forget that. If we are successful, we can close up this dump at five o'clock and go home to the suburbs. We will finally have solved the urban crisis."

"Now our Georgetown plan runs roughly like this. Here let me have that drawing."

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EDITOR: Sam Smith
ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Jean Lewton, Andrea Cohen Dean, Carl Bergman
PHOTO EDITOR: Roland L. Freeman
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Egbert Sousé, Joel Siegel, James Ridgeway, Sally Crowell, Richard King
CONTRIBUTING CORRESPONDENTS: Charles McDowell Jr., Larry Cuban, Val Lewton, Chuck Stone, S. Carl Turner Jr., David Logan, Gordon Fletcher, James Ramsey
CARTOONIST: John Wiebenson

THE DC Gazette is an alternative monthly newspaper. We welcome articles, although we cannot, unfortunately, pay for them. Articles of 1000 words or less are preferred. We also welcome letters to the editor, photographs, and announcements. Our deadlines are the second Tuesday of the month for feature articles and the third Tuesday of the month for ads and announcements.

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"It's beautiful, Wally," says Smilin' Adam. "I want one in my neighborhood."
"Not that one, Adam. That's the plan for the new combination jail and Incinerator #5. That comes later. Give me the Georgetown one."
"Right, Wally," says Jack and hands him a blueprint with lots of circles on it.
"Here is the master plan for Georgetown."
"Gee Wally, round houses. I want some of them in my neighborhood," says Smilin' Adam excitedly.
"No, Adam, those aren't round houses. They are something far more significant to the tax base and economic health of the city: oil storage tanks. We're going to make Georgetown into a superport."
"What about pollution?" asks Cousin Sterling.
"What, in the Potomac River? Who'll be able to tell?" says Uncle Julian.
"This is the most important addition to the economic well-being of the city since the center leg of the freeway."

"But what about minority employment?" asks Cousin Sterling.
"We don't have time for that now, but bring it up later. It's something to give in on a little when the going gets rough."

"Gee, Wally, you're terrific," Jack and Adam chorus. Then a worried look crosses their brows. "What about the Jello in the construction pit?"

"Don't worry about that," says Wally. Stepping to one side, Wally Wonderful takes a magic decoder ring off his thumb and begins turning the dials, talking softly to himself: "Right to \$1274 million, left to Fiscal Year '75, right to a supplemental of \$2.5 million. There, today's secret password for economic vitality is

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No sooner were the words out of his mouth when Wally Wonderful and Jack Grievous are magically transformed into a flying Zoning Commission. Soaring high above their friends, they zoom down toward Georgetown for another mighty struggle against the evil forces aligned against them, led by the insidious international organization called Perverse Economically Oblivious Populations Living Everywhere (or P.E.O.P.L.E. for short).

What will happen next? Will Wally and Jack and Uncle Julian and Cousin Sterling and Smilin' Adam win? What do the strange words, "Environmental Impact Statement," scrawled on a bathroom wall in Clyde's mean? What is Little Ted doing lurking behind the forsythia? Listen in next time, when Smilin' Adam says to Wally Wonderful, Uncle Julian and Cousin Sterling: "Gee, I sure would like to learn that handshake you fellas do."

Inside an abortion clinic

J. A. CAHILL

FROM February to August I worked as a part-time counselor at the New Women's Clinic in Washington. During this time, I observed conditions and events that have convinced me that, in some cases, all we have achieved in our long battle for the legalization of abortion is a legalization of backstreet.

The clinic is a profit-making organization whose staff consists of a medical team, an all-female counseling staff and various administrators. The clinic performs vacuum aspiration abortions up to approximately 12 weeks gestation and menstrual extractions (a mini-abortion, performed up to approximately 42 days beyond the date of an expected menstrual period) at a cost of \$125/\$95 respectively. It handles approximately 20 - 25 patients daily, with 50 to 65 patients on Saturdays.

A woman entering NWC for an abortion must go through several steps that take approximately 3 to 4 hours. Abortions are arranged by appointment but a patient can not request a specific physician. After being admitted to the clinic and making payment (by insurance forms, cash or money order; no checks are accepted) the patient is given a blood test. Then she receives individual or small group counseling where the abortion procedure, birth control and feelings about the pregnancy termination are discussed with one of the counselors. The patient then changes into a hospital-like gown and waits to be called into procedure. A counselor accompanies the patient to the procedure room, reviews her chart, checks her blood pressure and temperature and sets the room up for the procedure. Whichever doctor walks into the room is a matter of chance not choice. The counselor remains in the room, assists the physician and provides the patient with support, comfort and a source of distraction during the procedure.

The examination of a patient and the abortion itself takes about 10 to 20 minutes and consist of a pelvic examination to determine the length of pregnancy, the use of a metal speculum (to open the vagina and make the cervix visible), several injections of xylocaine into the cervix, dilatation of the cervix with several blunt steel rods (dilators), the suctioning out of the fetal tissues (with a plas-

tic tube called a canula which is attached to the vacuum aspiration machine) and a brief D&C (scraping of the interior walls of the uterus) to make sure that all the fetal tissue has been removed. The patient is then assisted, by her counselor, to the 'recovery room' across the hall where she remains for 30 to 45 minutes.



THE CHANCES are excellent that Gerald Ford will be our next vice president and very good that he will be our next president. Why? Apparently because the only qualification for the offices, in the view of Congress, is that one not cheat on one's income tax return. The fact that Ford was so far right and so uninspiring that no one ever thought of him for these posts before doesn't bother members of Congress. In today's America, the wages of sin seem to include the right to pick your successor. But then, since politics is increasingly emulating the Mafia and the Teamsters Union, we probably shouldn't be too surprised.

During this time, the patient can lie down or sit up and can have a drink or some food. In addition, the nurses/aides check the patient's blood pressure, respiration and pulse and the amount of bleeding; they also distribute pertinent birth control and post abortion information.

During my six months as a part-time counselor, I saw a number of incidents of indifference, callousness and out right sadism. Among the most appalling was the attitudes of most of the counselors. Certain behavior was expected of our patients. They were supposed to be cooperative, coherent at all times, appreciative and only moderately verbal and inquisitive. Those who deviated from this 'patient model' and who were perceived as being demanding, overly inquisitive, aggressive, gregarious, uncooperative and/or uncommunicative were discussed and judged with ridicule by the counselors behind the patient's back. Counselors often referred to patients as 'stupid,' 'obnoxious,' 'ass holes,' 'dumb shits,' and 'bitches.' Such 'problem patients' were usually passed around to any counselor willing to 'put up with them' in procedure. I went through procedures with many women thus labeled and never had any of the predicted problems with them. In most cases it was the counselor's attitude, not the patient's behavior, that created a problem. One counselor once sent me a message, while I was in procedure, to 'hurry up and get that ass out of there [procedure room] so we can get another ass in.'

The outstanding problem however, was the lack of significant and effective anesthesia during the surgical procedure. The only anesthesia routinely used is a local medication called xylocaine. While this novacaine-like medication is supposed to prevent the pain/cramps caused by dilatation (a stretching of the neck of the uterus), it rarely significantly blocked these cramps or those uterine contractions felt during the suction and the D&C aspects of the procedure.

People differ in their pain threshold levels and I often witnessed women who were in terrible pain during and after the procedure. To my anger and disgust, most of the attending physicians would either ignore these expressions of pain or would dismiss them and would label the patient as 'hysterical,' 'immature,' or 'in need of psychiatric help.' Others would tell the woman that she was not in pain and would she please stop screaming because she was only scaring the patients in the waiting room.

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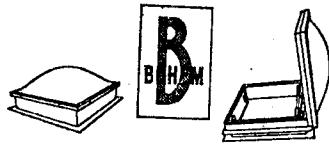
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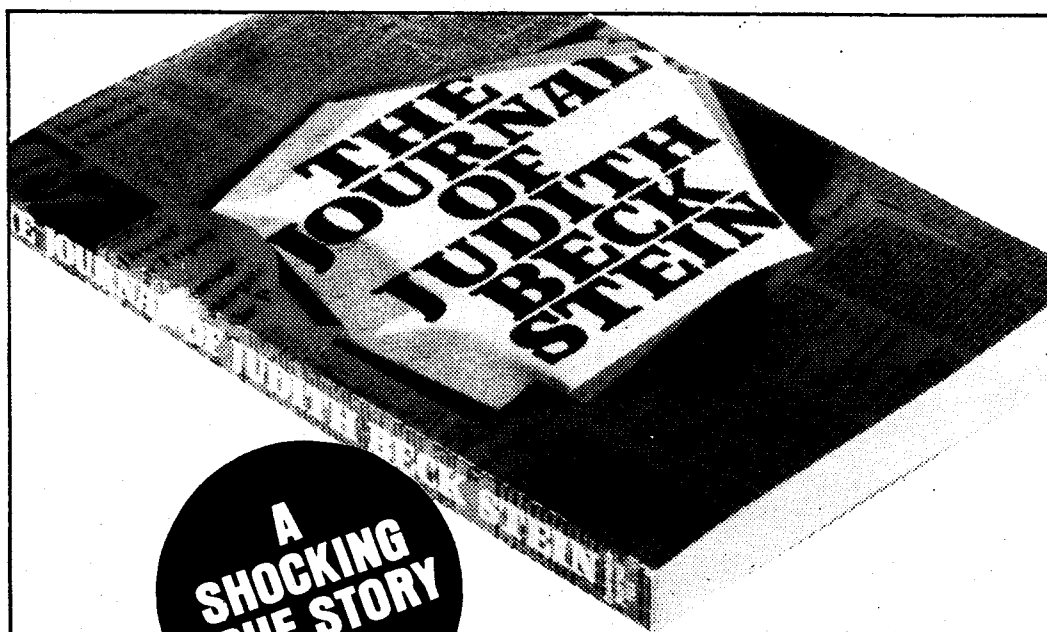


One doctor told a young woman that the cramps she was experiencing were 'nothing' compared to what she would experience in childbirth and that she had better get used to such discomfort. This same physicians said he would rather speak to a woman for a few minutes and calm her with his words than give her any type of general anesthesia. This philosophy indicates that either he perceived the pain as purely emotional and mental, something that a person could be 'talked out of' and/or he perceived himself as so powerful that his very words could block physical pain.

An outstanding exception among the medical staff was the full-time medical director, who was later dismissed over the medication issue. Dr. Leonard Brooks was a sensitive man disturbed by the pain he saw daily. His goal was to make each patient as comfortable as possible and his solution was to use a drug called demerol, intravenously, 5 to 10 minutes before he began the procedure. While this medication is a narcotic, it does not render the patient unconscious in the dosage range given, but made the individual light headed, drowsy, usually relaxed and euphoric and markedly de-

creased the awareness of painful sensations. These effects of the drug usually wore off within 30 to 60 minutes, depending upon the patient. I have personally witnessed and assisted in over 100 abortions and the contrast between patients given intravenous medication and those medicated only with a local was striking. In the latter case, women often clung to me during the procedure and would cry or scream with pain.

The other physicians refused to use demerol or any other general anesthesia except when the patient was so terrified that it would have been otherwise next to impossible to perform the procedure. When a woman made a direct request for a general anesthesia, she usually received one of several responses. Some physicians refused outright but most preferred to treat the patient like a child and play word games. Some physicians promised to use medication if and when the patient experiences severe pain. They rarely followed up on this promise, saying that since she had gone this far without medication, she certainly could go the rest of the way without it. One doctor would offer the medication but in very



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Margaret Mead on abortion

IN a September article for *Redbook*, anthropologist Margaret Mead discussed abortion as one means of preventing unwanted children. At the same time she adamantly stated that abortion is not a method of population control. "Abortion on demand is now a woman's recognized right. But contraception, available by choice to both sexes, makes it possible for husband and wife together to defend the wife and mother's right to her own body."

Recently Ms. Mead appeared as guest speaker at a luncheon honoring Preterm. Founded in March 1971, Preterm is the oldest abortion clinic in DC and provides not only abortions, but vasectomies, a sex counseling service and a gynecological clinic.

Ms. Mead sketched the history of abortion and birth control, noting that not until the concept of paternity was understood and the related structures of family, marriage and social groups accepted, did the idea of control of population occur. Prior to the inception of these institutions it was believed that babies were made by women.

When paternity was acknowledged, another social force concerning conception came into being: the welfare of the community. Until the medical advances of the third quarter of the 20th century, there were not enough children — continuation of a community was uppermost and society insisted that every child be born. Every conceivable pressure was used.

The January 1973 Supreme Court decision has recognized the

fact that some "babies are not being born appropriately," and it honors the right of a woman to make her own decision to be fully in charge of her own body and take the full responsibility says Ms. Mead.

Abortion, according to Mead, is not a legislative concern, but a constitutional concern. Any efforts to legislate pro or against abortion would violate the beliefs of at least 50% of the population. The Supreme Court decision, taking it out of the hands of the legislative branch, makes abortion voluntary and thus allows those who do not believe in abortion and those who do to act accordingly. It also negates state control of abortion.

But, Ms. Mead reiterates, given the right to abortion, the task which Americans now have is "how to make abortion as dignified, as humane and as constructive as possible," and most importantly to establish "a policy of reducing the need for abortion to the absolute minimum." If abortion is used as a method of birth control then that means that our society is inconceivably selfish. It is also "lazy, wasteful and dangerous." What is needed is continued research into methods of contraception and extensive sex counseling so that soon a clinic such as Preterm will no longer have to perform abortions. "The ideal birth control pill has not yet been invented," says Ms. Mead. "That is the one in which the man takes one half and the woman the other half."

— JEAN LEWTON

negative terms — "we can give you a drug that is very dangerous to administer and will make you very drowsy and therefore unable to leave the clinic for a good while" — so as to elicit the desired refusal from the patient. When patients requested "a shot," one physician would tell them that he was giving them a good pain block; they were asking for a general anesthesia and he was purposely talking about a local.

Most of the physicians who used intravenous medication in rare instances, chose a tranquilizer (Valium) rather than a pain killer. While this form of medication calmed the patient considerably, it rarely provided a block comparable to demerol.

Those against the use of an intravenous, pain-blocking narcotic gave several reasons for their stand. Some claimed that the use of demerol would cause drug addiction in the patients. It is certainly ridiculous to assume that a single pre-operative dose of a narcotic drug will make an individual physically or psychologically dependent on drugs; were this true, anyone who has ever undergone surgery with a general anesthesia would be an addict. Another explanation was that the use of such medication posed a risk to the patient's health. But why was the use of a systemic pain killer perceived as a 'risk' to be avoided while distribution of birth control pills, the insertion of IUDs (immediately after the abortion), and exposing patients to severe emotional stress were 'risks' that were taken daily? Could it be that the doctors were concerned about risks that could result in law suits rather than in the welfare of the patients? It would be far easier to sue a physician/clinic if a patient suffered a medication reaction than if a patient suffered side effects due to the pill, the IUD or emotional trauma. The former action creates more concrete and easily defined legal vulnerability.

A third objection to the use of demerol came from some of the nurses who felt that patients had 'no right' to request medication and resented physicians using it because it kept patients in the recovery room longer and prevented them from leaving work early.

It seems ironic, if not barbaric, that in the 20th century we are even discussing the use of an anesthesia in cases where it is definitely warranted. What factor or variable

makes abortion so unique that it is probably the only surgical procedure that does not routinely include an adequate pain block? Some physicians claim that such medication should only be used in a hospital where there are adequate facilities for possible emergency reactions. If this is true, why are dentists and oral surgeons able and willing to take the 'risk' of a general anesthesia in their offices while OB/GYNs in abortion clinics are not? Could the moral and social implications of abortion-on-demand be the missing factor? First of all, abortion is an acknowledgement and a recognition of female sexuality for and of itself, apart from its procreation/motherhood aspects. Secondly, it enables women to shape, govern and control their own lives in an active manner. Our society has been known to hold a strong preference for passive women who use their sexuality only to serve men and to have children.

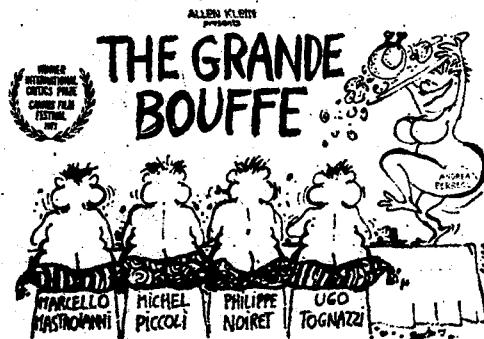
Another frequent and ridiculous argument is that women should 'learn from and grow with' the pain experienced in abortion. Why not, then, also 'grow' with our tooth extractions, tonsillectomies, appendectomies, vasectomies and so on. And exactly what lessons are we to learn? Are we to learn that love-making leads to nasty consequences, just like mother said? Or is the pain one sure way to impress upon us that

we must not forget to use our birth control pills/devices? Since women do not get pregnant all alone, how can the men involved also learn from these darling little lessons? Perhaps each clinic could hire someone who would kick all the 'responsible' men in the groin as they left the clinic.

The NWC staff reflect not only the prevailing social attitudes towards female sexuality and abortion but, more directly, the motivations of those individuals who own, promote and direct a clinic — far more concerned with making a profit than providing good medical care and a positive atmosphere for patients.

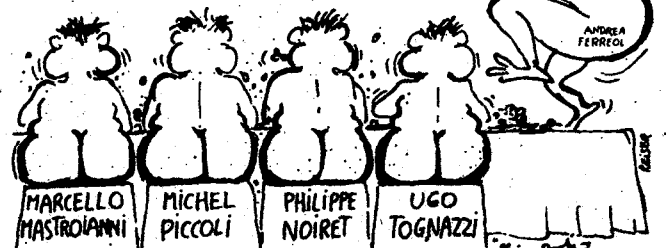
This clinic is only one of many in DC and throughout the nation. Still more will be organized within the next few years. There is an urgent need for a feminist/humanist-oriented organization which will not only have the authority to examine and regulate abortion clinics but could also receive and legally respond to complaints made by patients concerning mistreatment or malpractice. At present, regulation of such clinics is left to the individual states and, in D.C., this means little to no control at all. The conditions in abortion clinics is every woman's business...but no woman should have to join the fight for human treatment while sitting on an examination table, awaiting her own therapeutic abortion.

THE AD at right appeared in the *Village Voice*. Below is how it was edited for Washington's liberal morning daily, the *Post*.



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Jeremiah time

ARTHUR WASKOW

IT is time for the Israeli government and the American Jewish establishment to pay attention to some of us jeremiahs.

Since 1967, a small band of American and Israeli Jews have been warning that the Meir government was trundling down a road to disaster, endangering Israeli security by seeing that security in the narrowest military terms. We saw the Israelis' arrogance, born out of victory, and the Arabs' hysteria, born from defeat reinforcing each other: no justice offered from either side, no security won on either side. Sometimes, full of hope, we preached justice — arguing that Israel and the Palestinians owed each other the fraternal recognition of another oppressed nationality and the political recognition of a self-determining Palestine alongside Israel. Sometimes, full of foreboding, we have warned Arabs that Israel could strike at them still more harshly, and have warned Israel that incompetence self-glorification, and self-deception would not forever dominate the Arab governments; that world-wide popular and diplomatic support for Israel's military outlook were eroding; and that Israel's deepening internal social divisions could only be dealt with if a stable peace were achieved. In both modes, the call for justice and the warning of disaster, we said that Israeli arrogance — expressed in the holding and slow incorporation of Sinai and the West Bank — was wasting time that could be used to secure a stable peace; and that Arab hysteria was preventing evolution within Israel.

Slowly — much too slowly — the Arabs have grown out of their hysteria. (The danger now is that they will fall over into arrogance.) But the Israeli and American Jewish establishments have been even slower to change. When we preached justice, they dismissed us as soft-minded relics of the old "galut" mentality, self-hating Jews devoid of pride in the new Israel, they dismissed us as hare-brained analysts who did not understand the power of modern technology and organization to win round after round of war.

In truth, it was the Israeli government that was hare-brained. It thought of the Arabs as tortoises, and would not heed our reminders that the tortoise sometimes wins the race if the hare gets arrogant.

Now, like Jeremiah, we can only mourn at how correct we were. Look at the situation now: Arab oil boycotts bearing down on a Western Europe, America, and Japan already frightened by the "energy crisis." American power distracted by an internal agony over national identity and purpose that began in the '60s and is simply continuing in Watergate, and will not end there. Hostility between Western and Russian immigrants and Oriental immigrants to Israel — hostility over housing and public services, and over communal dignity, that cannot be eased so long as 40% of Israel's GNP is spent on the military. The erosion of non-Jewish support for Israel as the remnant of the Holocaust, amid growing doubts of the justice of a permanent occupation of the Palestinian West Bank and Gaza and of the Egyptian Sinai. The beginnings of articulate criticism among young American Jews of blind financial and political support for an arthritic Israeli bureaucracy and policy — even as these same young American Jews create stronger and stronger ties to real live people and communities in Israel.

The Meir government's policy has led Israel into this moment of danger. But it can become a time of opportunity, if Israel will see it as a moment of making the claims of justice and security coincide. At this moment Israel is still militarily superior, though not triumphant; still has strong support from American Jews and the U.S. government; still faces moderate politics among the West Bank Palestinians and weakness in Fatah; still has not descended into a domestic kulturkampf. From now on, delay will weaken Israel.

That is, delay will weaken Israel unless the Arab governments and particularly the Palestinian nationalist leadership continue to pose unjust demands. If they do, Israel

ARTHUR Waskow is author of *The Bush Is Burning* and a Fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies.



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THE CITY COUNCIL has approved a regulation on stray dogs that requires the Police Department to enforce all pertinent laws concerning "licensing, leashing, feces removal and unnecessary barking." The department must file a semi-annual report on its activities, which presumably will be known as the Feces Precis.

will in desperation coil itself even tighter, tenser, committed to strike first at any danger and to rule the Middle East, regardless of the consequences to freedom and justice.

So this is the moment, maybe the last, when both sides can offer decent terms. For example:

1. The Palestinian leadership and the Arab states should recognize Israel within the 1967 pre-war boundaries as a fully legitimate state, and extend to it such normal rights as free access to the Suez canal.

2. Israel should offer to return to those boundaries on two conditions: the demilitarization; under effective international inspection and control, of all the territories Israel occupied from 1967 till the 1973 war; and an Israeli-Palestinian condominium over the Old City of Jerusalem.

3. Israel and the Arab states should jointly sponsor and guarantee an independent, neutral, and demilitarized Palestine on the West Bank/Gaza.

4. Israel and the Arab states should agree to accept no military aid or advisers from any of the Great Powers, and the Powers should agree to give them none.

Such a settlement would redeem the past: give Israel the protection of wide demilitarized buffer zones against the kind of attacks she has long feared and repeatedly suffered; give the Palestinians their own land and government; give Sinai and the Suez Canal back to Egypt and Golan back to Syria, but for civilian and peaceful uses only; give Israelis and Palestinians joint control over the holy places in Old Jerusalem; give all the states and peoples free access to commerce; and relieve the strain on the Great Powers and the industrial world of the Middle East arms race, oil embargoes, and the fear of world war.

It is easy to prophesy that if this moment is missed, still more injustice, more insecurity, and more war will beset all of the peoples of the Middle East. To Jews who have a specially poignant desire for the peace and safety of that large part of the world-wide Jewish people that lives in Israel, and who also have a specially poignant memory of Jeremiah's call to justice, the torment of this moment is even greater. For Jeremiah's prophesy is that justice and safety do not stand in opposition, but reinforce each other. May the modern rulers of Israel hear the prophecy!



"BLESSED ARE THE WARMAKERS: FOR THEY SHALL BE CALLED NOBEL LAUREATES."

The net worth tax

LESTER THUROW

SINCE World War II almost all tax reform efforts have been focused on the personal income tax. Underlying this effort was the implicit assumption that a perfect income tax would obviate the need for all other taxes. While this reform effort has been almost completely unsuccessful, the implicit assumption is also

LESTER THUROW teaches at MIT. This is the second in a series of articles excerpted from papers given at a national conference on the distribution of wealth earlier this fall. The conference was sponsored by the Peoples Policy Center, headed by former senator Fred Harris.

incorrect. Net worth taxes have a role to play in a perfect tax system. They are not an indirect way to reform the personal income tax.

Taxes can be used for four principal purposes. They can be used to raise the revenue necessary to finance public expenditures. They can be used to hold the economy at full employment. They can be used to control the distribution of potential consumption privileges. And, they can be used to control the distribution of economic power. The fourth purpose is often ignored in economic analysis since economists have an unfortunate tendency to act as if their models of a perfectly competitive economy actually existed. If perfect competition did exist, no one would have any economic power regardless of her personal wealth. Personal wealth

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ONE OF THE REASONS that crime is so widespread is because you've got to work pretty hard at it to make a living. Police here estimate that a housebreaker gets only five percent of an item's new value when he sells it to a fence. The fence gets 50%. Thus the ubiquitous principles of capitalism reach even into the American underworld.

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could still lead to political power, but in our less than perfect economy, personal wealth leads to both political power and economic power.

Any set of taxes can be used to accomplish the first two purposes. Only the third and fourth purpose lead to economic justifications for specific taxes. The most direct method for accomplishing the third purpose is to impose a general consumption or expenditure tax with the appropriate degree of progressivity. An expenditure tax differs from a sales tax in that it is levied on total consumption and can embody progressive rates. The income tax is an indirect, but inferior, method for accomplishing the same purpose. If it is used for the third purpose, it must be combined with a net worth tax since it is always possible to increase consumption by spending wealth. As a result in any economy with an income tax, but without an expenditure tax, a net worth tax plays a role in controlling the distribution of consumption privileges.

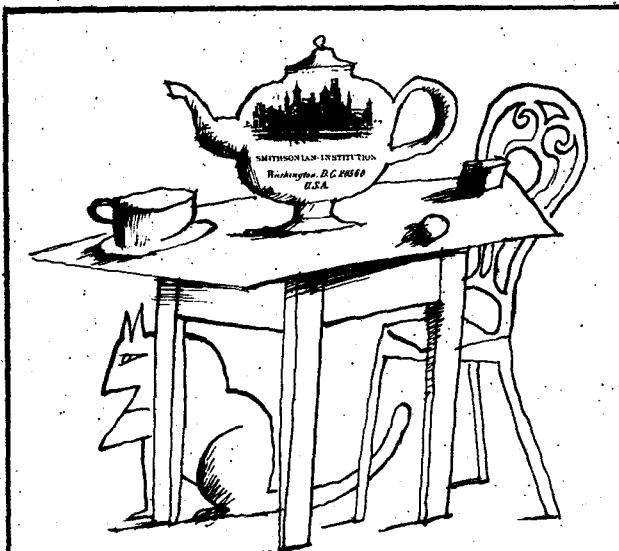
The basic purpose of a net worth tax, however, is to control the distribution of economic power — and the political power that it may lead to. The income tax cannot accomplish this purpose for two reasons. First, it has no ability to control the gradual build-up of economic power. At best it can only tax the income that wealth generates and thus retard, but not stop, the accumulation of wealth. Second, real world income taxes have enough loopholes to vitiate much retardation. The U.S. personal income tax, for example, does not even tax unrealized capital gains — the principle method for accumulating great wealth.

While Senator McGovern's wealth tax proposals (a stiff inheritance tax) were portrayed as basically unamerican, wealth taxes not only exist, but have an ancient and honorable place in our political inheritance. According to our revolutionary forefathers, men should be allowed to keep what they, themselves, earn, but should not be allowed to inherit privileges that they did not earn. Our 4th of July rhetoric would in fact lead us to a 100 percent inheritance tax. 'Everyone starts off in the economic race of life from an equal position.'

Wealth taxation is also our favorite solution for all social and political problems in other countries. We are quick to recommend land reform — de facto wealth taxation in a poor underdeveloped agricultural country — wherever we go. Occupation authorities forced the Japanese to practice it after World War II; the leverage of U.S. economic aid was used to force its adoption in underdeveloped countries, such as India and Pakistan; President Johnson recommended it as a solution to the problems of the South Vietnamese. We are not so quick, however, to recommend it for our own social problems.

Although they are usually regarded as historical anomalies, the United States has vestiges of a system of wealth taxes. Historically, the property tax was designed as an instrument to tax wealth. Since all wealth was held in the form of land or buildings in the middle ages, the property tax was a comprehensive tax on wealth. With the development of modern economies, however, property now constitutes only 40 per cent of net worth. As a result, a tax that was once able to control the distribution of wealth has become inadequate. Since the importance of property varies from portfolio to portfolio, the property tax cannot be used to create society's desired distribution of wealth. In addition, its use creates inequities among individuals with the same total wealth.

Such inequities are often used as arguments against the introduction of a progressive property tax. As opponents point out, progressivity makes the horizontal inequities greater.



THIRTY-FIVE sketches by Saul Steinberg on Smithsonian stationery done while Steinberg was at the Smithsonian as artist-in-residence in 1967. At the NCFA bc-67 ginning Dec. 21.

in the upper ranges of net worth. What they neglect to mention is that it also reduces the inequities in the lower ranges of net worth. It is certainly not axiomatic that progression makes the equity problem worse. Depending upon social welfare preferences it may make equity conditions much better.

What can be said, however, is that there is no way to use a tax on 40 per cent of net

worth to control the distribution of wealth and that such a tax leads to biases in the selection of investment assets.

Estate and gift taxes are also wealth taxes — for controlling the intergenerational distribution of wealth. While annual wealth taxes have always been frowned upon in American political rhetoric, death taxes hold an honorable place in our pantheon of sacred symbols.

At the moment American estate and gift taxes are more of an illusion than a reality. Measured as a percentage of net worth, estate and gift taxes were levied in 1965 an average rate of 0.2 per cent. As a practical matter, the estate and gift tax as it is presently constituted has little impact on individual incomes and almost no impact on the distribution of wealth.

The potential usefulness of the estate and gift tax depends upon the desired degree of equality in society's distribution of wealth. The more infrequent the interval of taxation, the less equality the instrument is capable of achieving. With long intervals between tax collections, individuals have time to build up their wealth and to use their economic power. A once-in-a-lifetime wealth tax is capable of yielding less equality than a once-every-5-years wealth tax. The latter, in turn, can yield less equality than an annual wealth tax.

For the sake of illustration, assume that there is a 100 percent tax on inheritances and gifts in excess of \$50,000. Since 93 per cent of the households have less wealth than \$50,000, and some of the wealth of those above this level comes from savings out of earnings, something less than 7 per cent of the households would be affected by such a tax. If individuals received \$50,000 at age zero and lived until age 70, consumed solely out of earned income, and received a 5 per cent rate of return on investments, they would have \$1.5 million at death. At age 35 they would have \$275,800.

Even a very severe estate and gift tax would not place much of a potential constraint upon the maximum amount of wealth an individual could possess. Combined with savings out of earned income, individuals would still accumulate large fortunes.

A once-in-a-lifetime wealth tax is not a sensitive instrument for achieving society's desired distribution of wealth. The choice between an effective estate and gift tax and a more frequent wealth tax comes down to a choice between whether society just wants to affect the general shape of the wealth distribution, or whether it wants to prevent individuals from having massive net worths and the economic power that goes with large fortunes. In the former case, an inheritance tax is a good instrument; in the latter case, a more frequent wealth tax must be used.

The basic economic argument against net worth taxes is that they would slow saving,

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retard investment, and reduce the growth rate. To the best of my knowledge this charge has never been conclusively proved or disproved. The necessary empirical studies simply have not been done. The charge is certainly not axiomatically true, since wealth taxes, like all taxes, have both an income and substitution effect. Wealth taxes lower incomes leading to greater savings to gain desired income objectives (the income effect) but wealth taxes also lower the after-tax rate of return on savings leading individuals to substitute consumption for savings (the substitution effect). Since the income effect leads to more savings and the substitution effect leads to less savings it is not possible to say theoretically how wealth taxes would affect savings. Empirical studies are necessary to determine the relative strength of the two forces. There is not even a presumption in favor of one or the other. Economists, for example, were surprised to find that the income effect dominates the substitution effect for highly progressive income taxes. When progressive income taxes are imposed people work and save more; not less.

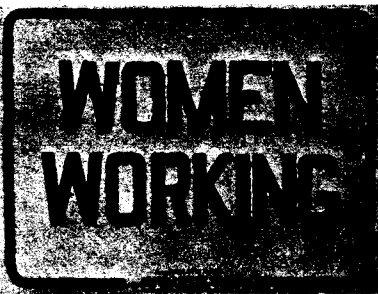
There is some evidence that suggests, however, that if the adverse effect does exist it would not be large. Personal saving accounts for only 28 per cent of total gross savings. If an inheritance tax were so severe (100%) that all estates were eliminated (everyone brought his net worth to zero on his day of death) the national savings rate would be only reduced from 16 percent of GNP to 14 percent of GNP. What's more we know that this will not occur since individuals do not know when they will die. Our stereotypes say that individual's consume wealth during their elderly years, but this is not true. On average, individuals save every year of their post-65 lifetimes. They do this not because they are anxious to leave a large inheritance to their relatives but because they do not know whether they are going to be that lucky or unlucky individual who lives to 105 rather than the average life expectancy. They can be rich or poor depending upon how long they live, but each individual is forced to act upon the assumption that they will live a long time and therefore must frugally husband his or her resources. This uncertainty factor at the end of one's lifetime means that substantial dissaving in response to a stiff inheritance tax is unlikely to occur. No one could do so without facing the prospect of extreme poverty in his or her latter years.

There is also the 'so-what' response. Are we worried about a small reduction in the economic rate of growth? As was recently pointed out in an article in the *Public Interest* there is a correlation between one's relative income within a country and happiness (the higher your relative income the more happy you become but there is no correlation between a country's

average income and its number of happy people. India has as large a fraction of its population who report that they are happy as the U.S. despite its much lower average income.

As a result until someone can show me a good empirical study that the economic growth effects are substantial and unalterable, I do not find the economic growth argument very convincing.

The variety of technical arguments as to why a net worth tax cannot be levied is only exceeded by the emptiness of most of these arguments. They are really just camouflage for the substantive argument that wealth should not be taxed.



ONE OF THE POSTERS (this one in black on yellow) available from the Women's Graphic Collective. For a copy of their catalog, write them c/o Chicago Women's Liberation Union, 852 West Belmont, Chicago, Ill 60657.

Often wealth taxes are attacked on the grounds that they will force illiquid wealthy individuals to sell some of their assets. This charge is to some extent true, but to the extent that it is true it is irrelevant. If a wealth tax were in existence, individuals would know of its existence and could plan to have the necessary degree of liquidity. There is no doubt that some individuals would be forced to sell assets. This is precisely what a tax is all about. Wealth taxes are designed to control the distribution of wealth. They are not designed to allow every individual to keep that degree of wealth that he would like.

Double taxation arguments are often mentioned, but they are completely fallacious. Any time you have both an income tax and a consumption tax, the same dollar is taxed more than once. This purpose of taxation is not taxing dollars equally, but generating society's desired after-tax distributions of wealth, con-

sumption, and income. Individuals, not dollars, are to be treated equitably but even they are not to be treated equally. To the extent that dollars need to be taxed more than once to bring this about, they should be taxed more than once.

Often wealth taxes are cursorily dismissed on the grounds that the assessment problems are insurmountable. Many items that contributed to wealth have no easily accessible price since they are not frequently sold in the market place. Although the difficult practical problems should not be minimized, they should be put into perspective. Most wealth is in a form that is easily assessed or a form that society needs to assess for property taxes anyway.

Householders' own homes account for 26.5 per cent of total net worth, and their investments in property account for another 11.2 per cent of net worth. In addition, some unknown fraction of the net worth of privately owned businesses or professions represents the value of property. Since farms are included in this category, the fraction could be a substantial part (based on property assessments it might be as high as 50 per cent) of the 17.3 per cent of total net worth that is held in businesses or professions. No one denies that infrequently sold real estate is difficult to access, but even now it must be assessed for the property tax. Assessing real estate for a wealth tax is no net burden on tax administration. The problems of frequent accurate property assessments are political and not economic.

Automobiles represent 2.8 per cent of net worth, but their assessment does not present a problem, since they are a frequently sold commodity. Prices are easily available. The same situation exists with respect to stocks, 18.0 per cent of net worth; marketable bonds, 2.0 per cent of net worth; and liquid assets, 11.4 per cent of net worth. The value of life insurance, annuities, and retirement plans, 6.1 per cent of net worth are not quite as easily available, but can easily be calculated. Personal debt is also easy to assess.

This leaves some fraction of business and professional net worth as a difficult assessment item. Personal property, TV sets, furniture, jewels, paintings, etc present an insurmountable problem if the focus is on evaluating every item of personal property. There is no need to do this, however. Many of these items are simply consumer's durables. Their distribution would be controlled with consumption taxes or income taxes. Other items of personal property, such as expensive jewels and paintings, are certainly part of personal wealth, but the assessment problem could be reduced to manageable proportions by trying to assess personal property of this type only when the total exceeded some figure

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THE PARTY OF EROS. Dell paperback 1973.

JOEL SIEGEL

VAL LEWTON: THE REALITY OF TERROR. Viking Press, 1973. \$6.95 hardback, \$2.75 paperback. Available at Discount Books, Brentano's and the Nickelodeon.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

THE LAST PLAY: THE STRUGGLE TO MONOPOLIZE THE WORLD'S ENERGY RESOURCES. Dutton 1973. \$10.

CHUCK STONE

TELL IT LIKE IT IS. Trident 1968
BLACK POLITICAL POWER IN AMERICA. Bobbs-Merrill 1968 hardback; Dell 1969 paperback.

KING STRUT. Bobbs-Merrill 1970.

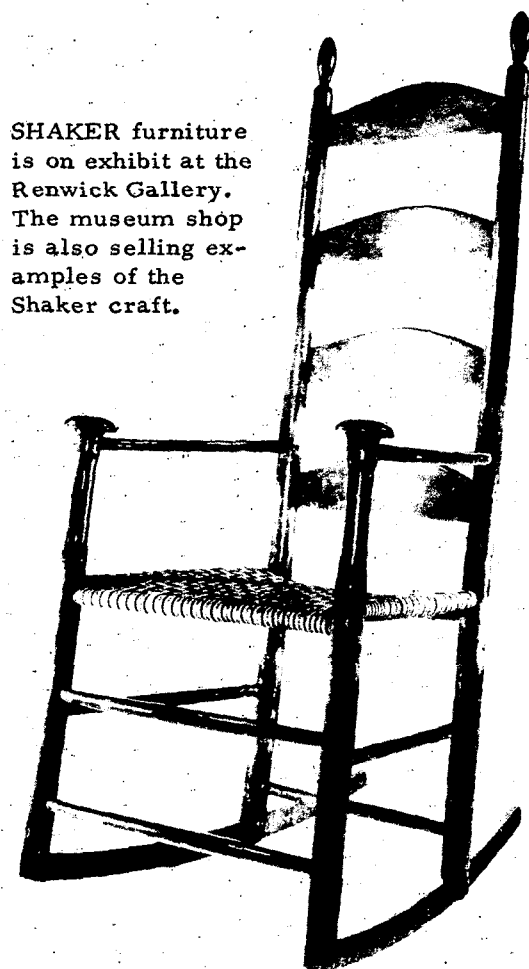
LARRY CUBAN

TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE: TEACHING IN THE INNER CITY (Free Press, 1970)
YOUTH AS A MINORITY (National Council for Social Studies) 1972

BLACK MAN IN AMERICA (Scott, Foresman, 1964; Revised 1971)

PROMISE OF AMERICA (Scott, Foresman 1971) Philip Roden co-author.

SHAKER furniture is on exhibit at the Renwick Gallery. The museum shop is also selling examples of the Shaker craft.



such as \$25,000. Individuals with personal property of this magnitude could easily be identified from insurance records.

This brings us full circle back to whether we do or do not as a society think that the dis-

tribution of economic power is too concentrated and needs to be controlled. Economic debates can be generated as to the exact economic effects of a wealth tax but they are not the heart of the issue. A net worth tax can be efficiently collected; the small economic effects that may exist can be easily offset if we desire. Economic de-

bates are merely subterfuge to stop debate on the real issue. What is a 'fair' distribution of economic resources and economic power? Once we reach a majority consensus on an answer to this question the economic policies necessary to its achievement could easily be designed and implemented.

LETTER FROM LORTON



CARL TURNER, our correspondent at Lorton, sends us this photo of himself along with word that he hopes to qualify for work-release in the spring. . . . but he will need a job. Carl has worked as a musician and in various clerical jobs. If you can help, write S. Carl Turner Jr., Box 25, Lorton, Va. 22079 (Bernard Austin Sr. photo)

THE "Letter From Lorton" has possibly served as a link of some kind between the inside and the outside. The Letter has been unfortunately a constant plea to the community for increased interest in prison conditions and better community-related, meaningful programs. The battles that have been waged by desperate inmates, against those who tend to be against all forms of change within the Department of Corrections, seemingly has had little support from the community.

There have been law suits, court actions, and more law suits. My question: where the hell are all the so-called concerned community organizations? There are a few asking to be recognized as "prison-reform" groups and, from what I can gather, there supposedly are small groups of other citizens, church groups, etc., who say they are very concerned. Some inmates, Nathaniel Wright III, Albert Lyons, and a host of others who have lodged suits found it hard to get the necessary support from the masses.

If people in the community are not sure where they should start in trying to help these serious situations, they need only to direct their energies toward the congressional agencies, the Mayor and the D.C. Department of Corrections; keep notes going to the news media; inform action organizations in the community of your willingness to give support; write or contact inmates here in Lorton and other institutions; make arrangements to visit them; and, if you are not above it, stage protests, marches and sit-ins.

Among the complaints you may register: the inefficiency of the counseling service; delaying positive actions in the inmates' behalf; unnecessary restrictions on inmates in their attempts to relate to the community; a very inefficient program director; poor academic and vocational facilities; the fact that many capable men ready for college and university participation are being denied the opportunity; the absolute absence of a music and arts program; still very poor eating areas; the lack of sanitation; unsatisfactory medical operations and attendants; it could go on and on. . . please don't leave out the horrid conditions found in maximum-security.

Mr. Marion Dan Strickland, who is known to many older residents simply as Dan Strickland, is the newly assigned administrator to the Lorton Adult Facilities.

Mr. Strickland, assigned by Commissioner Washington during a recent industrial work-stoppage by inmates as a result of low wages, may well be the youngest man to ever hold such a position.

During a conversation with an associate it was said in essence that Mr. Strickland is by far the only impressive and organized administrator to hold this position since the very humane hard-working John O. Boone, was indirectly forced to leave. Strickland has already made a very definite impression on his staff.

The administrator's views on programs are very enlightening and inspiring. Mr. Strickland is by far the only impressive and organized administrator to hold this position since the very humane hard-working John O. Boone, was indirectly forced to leave. Strickland has already made a very definite impression on his staff.

The DC Department of Corrections complains that the community is giving all types of opposition to their placement of Half-Way Houses and is the leading factor for Lorton's failure to have a stationary furlough program.

Most Lorton inmates refuse to believe the negative attitudes of their former neighbors and friends out in society. If there was enough support from the communities, demands, enough overall complaints, if the right people were directly attacked, and the sincere concern displayed, vigorously in abundance, Chief Jerry Wilson, Broyhill, Linwood Holton, etc. would have to step back. The courts would have to find better alternatives, and utilize them.



WITH the home rule bill still in conference, former appointed officials began to adjust their positions with an eye to running for office. First out of the gate were John Hechinger and Polly Shackleton, both of whom while on the Council supported a freeway plan that included the now-notorious South Leg. Now they are opposed to the road. Ho-hum.

BOTH HECHINGER AND SHACKLETON face some rough times from voters on another score: they have been strangely absent from the fight over development in Far NW and elsewhere in the city.

MEANWHILE Walter Fauntroy got credit the other day for a speech in which he took a swipe at the Zoning Commission and Walter Washington for development decisions such as Friendship Heights, McLean Gardens, Georgetown and the Capitol Hill highrise. What got missed in the hustle was that Fauntroy simultaneously renewed his call for an urban development corporation that could do the same thing as ITT or Inland Steel, but far more efficiently. It would have the power of eminent domain, would be undemocratically controlled, and would lack protection for city residents. To the homeowner, renter or business evicted, it doesn't make much difference whether the cause is a corporation or the city. You still have to go. If anything, Fauntroy's UDC poses an even greater threat than that of private developers.

THE environmental hearing on I-66 will be held on Monday, Dec. 17 at the Ramada Inn, 1900 Ft. Meyer Drive, Arlington, Va. The hearing will begin at nine am and continue until midnight, if necessary. Individuals and representatives of organizations who wish to testify at the public hearing must submit in writing their name, address, telephone number, organizational affiliation if any and amount of time required (there is a limit of 15 minutes for individuals and 30 minutes for organizations). Send request to D.E.Keith, Resident Engineer, Virginia Dept. of Highways, 3555 Chain Bridge Road, Fairfax Va. 22030. Copies of the draft environmental report are available at various Northern Virginia libraries.

A TASK FORCE has been formed in Adams-Morgan to develop a new health facility for the community. Meetings are held every Friday at 930 am at 1644 Park Rd.. Call Marie Nahikian at the Adams Morgan Organization (332-2628) for information.

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Roland Freeman

NIXON'S YEAR





THE week before Allende's government fell, Robert McNamara's office cleared and sent to the directors of the World Bank a proposal for a technical assistance loan to Chile of \$5 million. But because of a bank gathering in Nairobi, the directors postponed their meeting. By the time this matter could be considered, Allende was dead, his government overthrown.

Fifteen different World Bank missions had traveled to Chile in 1972. The bank had considered several different loans, but matters dragged along. After a meeting of central bankers in Paris, the World Bank finally agreed, reportedly at the insistence of McNamara, to make the \$5 million offering so that Chile would not go formally bankrupt.

Last spring the International Monetary Fund sent a mission to Chile. A confidential staff report in June painted a bleak picture of the country. It blamed Allende's "massive wage and salary adjustments" for inflation, recommended containment of credit expansion in the public sector and demanded a new monetary exchange system. To get into the good graces of the Fund, Allende seemingly would have to undo all the policies of land redistribution and income distribution on which his elected government was based.

Thus the international banking community sat by and waited for Allende to go down under the economic blockade they had helped to shape. The roots of that blockade, its original design and execution are to be found in the copper industry.

Copper exports account for 80 percent of Chile's foreign exchange earnings, providing the money which is used to buy essential food, spare parts, consumer goods, etc. Kennecott and Anaconda have long dominated the copper business and it was Kennecott, in anticipation of expropriation, which laid the groundwork for the "economic blockade" that eventually brought down Allende.

Theodore H. Moran describes this scheme in a magazine called International Organization: From the middle 1950s onward Kennecott's management believed nationalization of Chile's large El Teniente mine was only a matter of time. The company had drawn on the Chilean mine as a "rentier draws income from a fixed property." Production in the mid-1960s was only slightly higher than that of the mid-1930s. The company invested just enough funds in the mine to keep it going. El Teniente provided only 13 percent of total income for the company, and Kennecott had large reserves of low cost copper in the US. Expanding production in Chile never was a major corporate objective.

Anaconda, on the other hand, which drew 67 percent of its total earnings from the mine, took the opposite tack, sinking more and more money into Chile, attempting to demonstrate to politicians there that increased production by Anaconda would benefit the country. Anaconda took the lead in negotiating advantageous tax rates and other policies that benefited foreign copper holdings. Since Anaconda's policies also benefitted Kennecott, the Kennecott management was delighted to let its competitor take the lead.

In the late 1950s Kennecott's big mine began to experience difficulties maintaining production. A feasibility study showed that the life of the mine could be lengthened and production increased through additional investment. But Kennecott, believing the mine would be expropriated, hung back. The management was determined to invest little capital and only then with little risk.

The company was provided an excellent opportunity in 1964 when the Frei government made its demand for Chileanization. Surprisingly, Kennecott offered to sell Frei 51 percent of the mine and continue to manage the enterprise for 10 years under contract.

Under the plan Kennecott proposed to finance the expansion of the mine through its sale plus a \$110 million loan from the Export-Import Bank. As a result Kennecott had the mine's value revised upward from \$69 million to \$286 million, while the tax rate was reduced from 80 percent to 44 percent.

Thus, Kennecott still was 49 percent owner of a plant worth four times what it was previously. Or looked at another way, the company was receiving 49 percent of the proceeds from a mining operation that was exporting 64 percent more output at a tax rate cut in half.

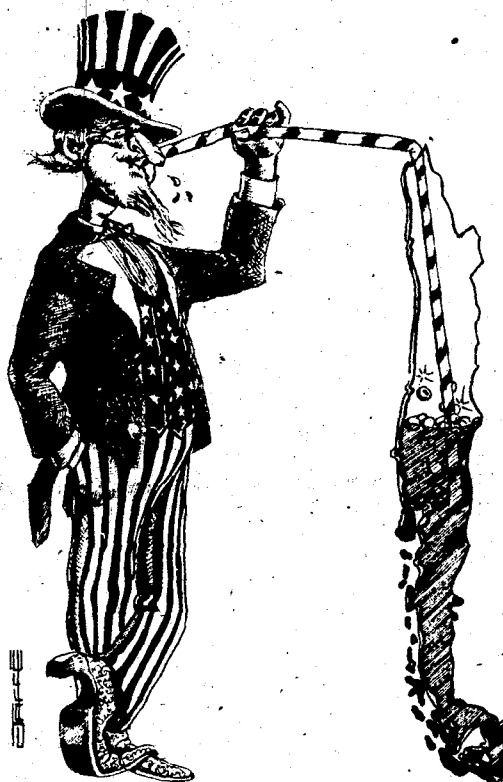
Still Kennecott was worried about expropriation; and the company took additional steps to protect itself. Kennecott insured the sale amount against expropriation through an AID contract. Both the sale amount and the Ex-Im loan were guaranteed unconditionally by the Chilean government, which meant that in case of expropriation Kennecott had a claim against Chile in any court. It also meant that in the event of expropriation, the US government (through Ex-Im bank and AID) and the Congress unavoidably would become involved. Moran says,

"The aim of Kennecott was to make any threat of nationalization result unavoidably in a face-to-face confrontation between the US and the Chilean governments."

In addition, Kennecott assured itself of international support by raising \$45 million for the new project by writing long-term contracts for the new copper with European and Asian customers. The company subsequently sold collection of these contracts to a consortium of European banks headed by Banca Commerciale Italiana for \$30 million and to a group of Japanese institutions for \$15 million.

That maneuver was designed to bring international pressure on any nationalist government not to void the Kennecott management contract, and not to repudiate the debt obligation of the El Teniente venture.

This international skein is even more involved than Moran suggests. Through its subsidiary, Peabody, Kennecott is deeply involved in the coal industry, and in particular the Asia coal trade. Peabody mines coal in a joint venture with Mitsui in Australia, then ships the coal to Japan. In effect, the American company's whole Pacific Basin trading empire was brought into a standby blocking position against Chile.



Bringing Chile down

JAMES RIDGEWAY

In 1970 the Chilean Congress unanimously passed a nationalization decree, and Allende expropriated the El Teniente mine along with others.

Immediately the Kennecott plan went into action. It produced the intended results. By October, 1971, Allende announced his government would directly assume most of the international obligations, honor the long term sales contracts to Japan and Europe and assume the debts the company had incurred in dealing with the Ex-Im Bank, Mitusi, etc. In February, 1972 Allende announced a further concession, in which the government agreed to pay compensation to Kennecott equal to the sale amount that he had been unconditionally guaranteed by the Chilean state.

So Kennecott was able to retire from Chile after having greatly expanded its earnings throughout the late 1960s and with a compensation greater than the net worth of its holdings had been in 1964.

The Allende offer made the prospect of stable production in Chile the least risky alternative for everyone except the Nixon government. It continued to fight for the principle of full payment for expropriation as a condition for refunding the debt. The Group of 10, the gathering of major international banks, refused to go along. Moran writes, "Chile's major public creditors were not anxious to see that country's dwindling foreign exchange reserves flow with priority to Anaconda and Kennecott. The US had to acquiesce in a credit agreement that did not mention the principle

of full compensation for expropriated properties. A new schedule of payments on the Chilean forcing debt was successfully negotiated with the Group of 10 in April, 1972."

But the knots of the Kennecott constructed blockade never seem to have been untied. In conducting research for a book on multinational corporations Joseph Collins of the Institute for Policy Studies made a brief trip to Chile last spring, and interviewed the minister of mines. That official described in detail his attempts to buy heavy earth moving equipment from an Australian company. The sale was arranged, the money sent. But the company returned the money, refused to sell the equipment because it would disturb its relationship with American customers. There were reports of oil shipments turned around in Chilean harbors and sent back out again because of the expropriations.

The economic blockade hurt Chile in many other ways. It forced the government to find hard currency for imports, for various consumer goods, for machine parts replacements, and most crucially for food.

Over the last 15 years Chile has relied increasingly on food imports and has not built up its own agriculture. The country has a population of 10 million, only two million of whom work in the countryside. In a perhaps unintended way US AID policies contributed to the stultification of agriculture. US AID missions steadfastly opposed land reform, generally believed to be a requisite before any serious agricultural development could take place. There was the famous scheme of Ralston Purina to promote the chicken business by using PL 480 grain to feed its chickens. Chickens was one area where small farmers had a chance, but with Ralston Purina moving in, backed up by free grain feed from the US, they would be wiped out. Finally this project was called off. Then there was the Chile-California project. The theory was that Chile was a lot like California and if only the agribusiness techniques of that state could be imported, then everything would be ok. There was an exchange of bureaucrats from the University of California and state offices. On the advice of these experts, the Inter American Development Bank loaned a large sum for construction of a single-purpose dam in Chile that resulted in drowning out small tenant farmers living below, inundating their land with irrigation streams the land could not contain. A few large farms did benefit from the dam, however, most of the agricultural supports, machinery, credits, etc., went to large estates. Meanwhile, US agricultural attaches, per usual, pushed US food surpluses on the government. The country became increasingly dependent on food imports, particularly imports of beef, wheat and dairy products.

Agricultural reform and income redistribution, of course, were major programs of the Allende government. Through entirely legal means the government succeeded in redistribution of 35 percent of the productive agricultural lands. Large estates were virtually eliminated. For Latin America, indeed for the world, this was an unparalleled success. It was accomplished with little violence, and most surprisingly in its first year with an actual gain in production.

A poor family in Chile spends perhaps 80 to 90 percent of its income for food, and even then the family is not eating well. If the income is raised, then they spend much of it on food. Thus, redistribution of income pushes demand for food quickly. During the first year of the Allende government, there was a 40 percent increase in the real demand for food. There was a modest increase of 5 percent in agricultural production. The difference was made up by increasing imports from \$200 to \$300 million.

Jacques Chonchol, Allende's first agricultural minister and a widely respected agriculturalist, has described what then began to happen:

"One of the main points of these programs was that it was necessary to provide for each poor boy, without payment, half a liter of milk per day. It was easy to do this through the social services, through medical care, but this meant that we had to increase our supply of milk, powdered milk, and many other things. We were not in a position to increase production. . . It was possible to manage because we had some resources in foreign exchange. But as time went on these resources diminished. We were exporting mainly copper, and copper was a very important part of our balance of payments since it provided 80 percent of the earnings of the exports of Chile. But the price of copper in the international markets was going down because there was an imbalance between supply and demand. Also they were not in a position to increase our output of copper sig-

nificantly in order to increase our earnings from copper export. But, in any case, at the beginning we could keep the balance between increasing demand and increasing consumption through increasing production and increasing imports. But little by little in the second year we began to find new difficulties."

In the second year the big companies became enemies because of the nationalization of copper. International banks refused Chile loans. Exports increased in volume but not in value. In the second year the demand for foodstuffs rose by 12 percent, while production increased by only two percent. Prices went up. Then there were structural difficulties in importing. The country didn't have

sufficient railways, trucks, communications systems to handle large scale imports. It was hard to develop agricultural production because of the need to import fertilizers, machinery and oil. And running throughout was a heavy drag against reform from the unproductive middle class living in the cities. Finally there were those on the right who constantly conspired to cause food scarcities and run up the price.

But in the end it is no exaggeration to say that what Allende most desperately needed was hard foreign exchange to buy food to feed the poor. And it was here that the Nixon government policy became unspeakable in its refusal to make available sufficient quantities

of inexpensive foodstuffs on credit to the government, while at the same time tons of PL 480 wheat were being shipped to other countries in Latin American, most notably to Bolivia.

And once the coup took place, Nixon made doubly clear that this policy was understood by all concerned in Latin America. The Agriculture Department, through the Commodity Credit Corporation, turned around and sold 120,000 tons of wheat to Chile for \$24 million. According to the Agriculture Department spokesman, the US wheat was offered in a humanitarian gesture to replace wheat promised to Chile by the Soviet Union. After the coup the Soviet Union had turned around its ships in mid ocean. The US began where it had left off with Frei.

CHUCK STONE

PRESIDENT Nixon's aborted compromise, which would have referred those controversial White House tapes to Mississippi Senator John C. Stennis, represented a triumph for "the big lie" in American politics.

What will go down in history as the "Stennis proposal" was based on the theory that Senator Stennis's integrity was so universally respected and unimpeachable that few would dare to challenge this diversionary tactic.

To do so would have insulted the "revered reputation" of Senator Stennis himself.

Even Elliot Richardson, that proper Bostonian, was sucked in by the mythology of the Mississippi elder statesman's alleged integrity. "Sen. Stennis would rather have his toenails pulled out one by one" than change the meaning of those tapes in any way, said Richardson, with just the suggestion of a sly smile curling his lips.

Somewhere, sometime, somebody in this country decided Senator Stennis had "integrity." Ever since, we've been getting that obnoxious bilge fed to us with an unerring regularity by some public officials and editorial writers.

At one point during Nixon's attempt to put a Southerner on the Supreme Court, Stennis's name was widely circulated as a "shoo-in" choice because he was so "widely respected" by everybody in the Senate.

Yet no man has fought more bitterly to preserve the "separate but equal" subjugation of blacks than Senator Stennis. He remains one of the most dedicated segregationists in public life today. Just the mere mention of his appointment to the U.S. Supreme Court appalled blacks. The high court would have been sent hurtling back toward the 1896 mentality of Plessy v. Ferguson.

On the other hand, because Stennis presides with an air of judicial detachment as chairman of the Armed Services Committee, his racism is overlooked.

I am bewildered by the strange legitimacy with which this nation endows a racist so long as he manages to conduct his other activities with a facade of balanced restraint. You don't have to wear a white sheet to destroy the rights and progress of black Americans.

Helping to eviscerate the civil rights of 22 million black Americans has been a consistent cause of Senator Stennis. In 1965, he was one of only 18 senators to vote against the Voting Rights Act. In 1972, he was one of only 10 senators to vote against the Equal Employment Opportunity Act.

In 1970, he tried to strangle the equal education bill by offering an amendment to remove the distinction between de jure and de facto segregation. Senator Walter Mondale, sponsor of the bill, promptly condemned the Stennis amendment as a "sanctimonious proposition" that would have, in effect, gutted the bill.

Stennis was re-elected to a third term in the Senate in 1964, the year the credentials of all five Mississippi Congressmen were challenged in the House.

Over 600 depositions were offered as "conclusive evidence," along with the "admission of state officials of their participation in organized racism," that Mississippi blacks had been massively denied the right to vote. In fact, according to the Southern Regional Council, only 6.7 per cent of black Mississippians of voting age voted in the 1964 election.

Senator Stennis's election in 1947 and his three subsequent re-elections were achieved through the terrorizing of black voters and

the unconscionable abuse of the democratic process, two facts which he never controverted.

This man who willingly went along with such Gestapo tactics, who has never condemned racism or segregation and who continues to hack away at the rights of black Americans is hypocritically hailed as a man of "integrity." Never before has that word been so unfairly defamed as by its association with the "gentleman" from Mississippi, John C. Stennis.

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NORTHWEST DEVELOPMENT NOTES: John J. Wilson, of "Little Jap" fame, has been hired as attorney for the McLean Gardens land muggers. . . DEVELOPERS ARE PRESSING to move ahead on Wisconsin Avenue south of Calvert Street. . . THERE ARE RUMORS OF highrise apartment buildings at the Tregaron Estate on Macomb Street. . . IT LOOKS LIKE Equitable will move to Northern Virginia from its Wisconsin Avenue site, leaving that location ripe for picking. . . JOHNSON'S FLOWERS, at the old Best & Co. location, is not long for that part of the world. Unless it wants to put up a ten story greenhouse, that is.



FROM THE PEOPLE'S BICENTENNIAL COMMISSION: 200 years ago American patriots struck at the heart of tyranny in a bold, daring and defiant act.

Now, a new tyranny casts its shadow over America. Once again, Americans are faced with a dictatorial and repressive government; a tax system that represents the interests of the very rich; rising prices; and a host of other critical problems that threaten the very fabric of democratic life.

It's time for a second Boston Tea Party and a new movement to recapture the spirit and principles of '76.

The 200th Anniversary of the Boston Tea Party is December 16th.

The Peoples Bicentennial Commission/Action Center is planning a major campaign for the Tea Party in Boston. Other organizations are planning similar campaigns in cities across the country.

We hope you will plan activities and events for December 16th in your community.

Impeach big-business and political tyranny in America.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO

SENATOR SAM

IN 1962, Sam Ervin wrote an article for Look Magazine called "The Case for Segregation," in which he said, among other things:

"Southern states insist on segregating their children in public schools according to race because people in these states realize that public schools are social and education institutions of a local character. They know that the social commingling of the races is alien to the way of life of Southerners of both races. They are satisfied that the children of both races will make the most satisfactory progress in the relaxed atmosphere of segregated schools."

And here are a few of his more recent stands:

In 1969 he voted against the nuclear non-proliferation treaty.

He voted for the nomination of Clement Haynesworth to the Supreme Court.

He opposed the Laos troop curb.

He opposed lowering oil depletion allowances.

He voted for the Rhenquist nomination to the Supreme Court.

He voted against the 18 year-old vote.

He voted for Harold Carswell's nomination to the Supreme Court.

He voted against restricting funding for US troop activities in Cambodia.

He voted against food stamp programs.

He voted against rejection of the ABM system.



He voted against the Cooper-Church amendment to end the war.

He voted against the Equal Rights for Women amendment.

He voted against mass transit legislation.

All of this does not negate what he has done right recently and in the past, but is a useful reminder that not everyone in town who isn't a crook or crypto-fascist these days is, therefore, a saint.

THE MAIL BOX

PEACE & WAR

WASHINGTON, DC - "The structure for peace both individual and global is available now for all mankind," said the two-star general, Franklin M. Davis, commandant U.S. Army War College. General Davis, at a national news conference in Washington, D.C. launched World Plan Week-USA (November 11-18) with Jerry Jarvis, national director of the International Meditation Society. The general said "During my Pentagon assignment as director of Military Personnel Policy for the Deputy Chief of Staff, I was responsible for the drug rehabilitation programs and other related behavior problems resulting from combat environment." The general continued, "After talking with friends at HEW and NIMH and personally investigating various scientific studies on transcendental meditation being conducted by doctors at Harvard and elsewhere, I believed the technique offered sufficient promise to be incorporated within my area of responsibility. As you know, in the army you don't ask unless you try it yourself, so I proceeded to take the program in February 1970. I shortly found my blood pressure dropped 10 points and my wife said my disposition improved. Also - I'd like to add that the stresses and strains of Washington life didn't bother me as much any more. With this natural technique it is possible for every individual to experience and know peace within himself and then bring that peace to our society." In an aside, the 6-foot plus mild mannered general said, "We in the military, contrary to general opinion, are more peace loving than anyone around, and personally I do support TM and I am genuinely interested and committed to it." The general added however, that he was speaking as an individual and not as a military spokesman.

- PRESS RELEASE FROM THE INTERNATIONAL MEDITATION SOCIETY

BREEZES & AIR

TO those who care to read the signs, the breezes of (representative) democracy can be seen in D.C. politics....even before the vote itself has arrived. Not surprisingly they are mixed; both fresh breezes and HOT AIR!

How refreshing (and infuriating) to see projects for which disenfranchised citizens labored so long and hard, and ALONE, suddenly receiving the attention and retrospective wisdom of our seeking-to-be-elected officials. The Wisconsin Avenue Corridor, McLean Gardens...Oh yes, just about "everybody agrees now we're miserable."

And press conferences in which officials who voted for the South-leg-freeway when appointed, assure us they are going to be against it if we elect them! Such attention now that they sense what we can do for them!...But - will D.C. Voters really fail to remember where they were when we needed them?

KAY CAMPBELL MCGRATH
Democratic Central
Committeewoman
Ward III (elected)

SENATE PARKING

WE call upon the Senate Public Works Committee to disapprove the plan of the Architect of the Capitol to construct further parking facilities in our neighborhood, specifically in the square bounded by Maryland Avenue, 2nd Street, 3rd Street, and C Street, NE.

Our neighborhood lost 20% of its population between 1960 and 1970, due largely to the impact of the automobile: the Southeast expressway and parking lots in particular. This plan would destroy another six houses which we can ill afford to lose, and would ruin the quality of this and adjacent blocks. The neighborhood is one of particularly strong economic vitality and historical significance in Washington. Legislation is pending in Congress to declare this an historic area.

We are spending millions of dollars to provide Metro bus and subway transportation for Congressional employees among others. Our taxes will be higher to support this service. This plan doubles this blow by depriving us of housing at the same time.

Air pollution in Washington is worse than all but a few places in the United States. It was so bad this summer it was necessary for some of our families to leave the city in order to breathe healthy air. This plan adds to this pollution.

The nation faces severe energy shortages. Most of our national leaders are pleading for reductions of private automobile commuting. The current off-street parking ratio of 24 spaces for each Senator (one space for every two employees) should be sufficient given the existence of shuttle bus service to and from RFK Stadium parking and a reasonable effort toward car-pooling.

MICHAEL WESTGATE, President
Capitol Hill Action Group

NADER'S Health Research Group has just produced a document on involuntary sterilization. It is a work manual for action groups that want to start a project in their locale to challenge such practices and for educational use. Women's groups might find it most helpful. Order from: Rob McGarrah, Health Research Group, 2000 P St., NW, 7th Fl., DC. Enclose \$2.50 if you have it to cover the cost of duplication.

Regional government

CARL BERGMAN

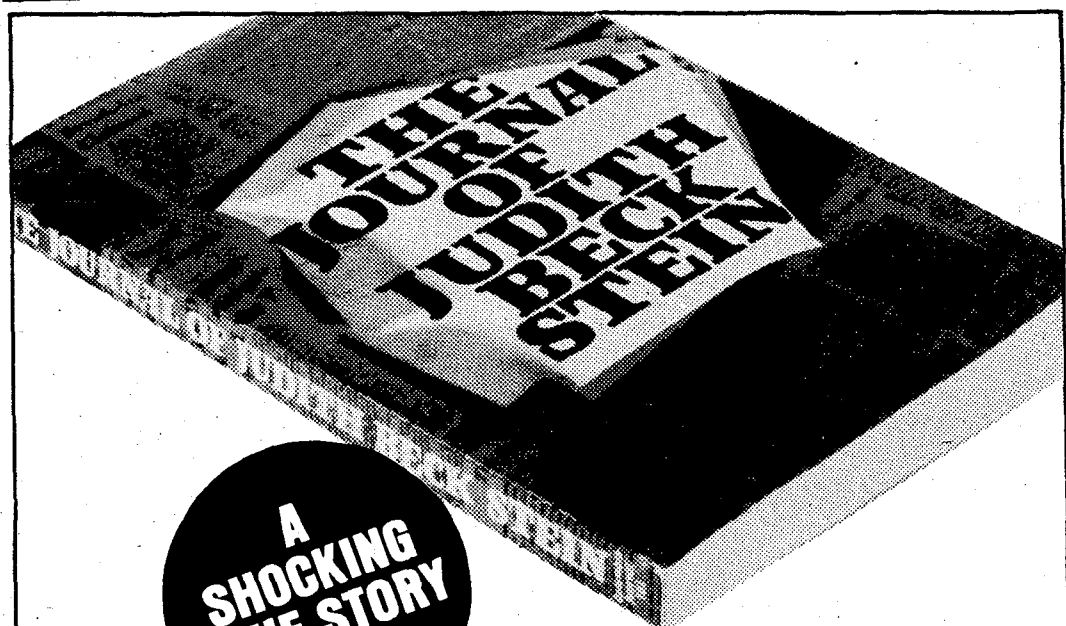
LOCAL government reform is a curious thing. Every time a new group attains some power the old ruling gang steps back two paces and announces that in the name of good government, coordination and elimination of waste they are going to reform that which they no longer control.

Non-partisan elections, at-large elections, city consolidation, city manager systems, and a host of other "reforms" almost invariably are pressed by the losers in a political power struggle.

When the ethnics took over Boston's ward system the WASPs retreated to the state house and mandated at-large Council elections. When black voters started showing their strength in Jacksonville, Florida, the state legislature abolished the city government for a larger county one. Ditto in Nashville. Atlanta with a black Mayor, Maynard Jackson, may be next. And so may we.

It will not take long for a coalition of "enlightened" civic leaders, developers and the Beltway Post to discover that all of our urban ills are due to the multitude of area governmental jurisdictions. Citing - if they can keep a straight face - Metro as an example of the wonders of regional cooperation we will have a regional government proposed for Washington. That government would run Metro and the airports, but most of all would become the region's major planning body, authorizing development anywhere in its domain. DC would lose control over planning. More likely than not the Metro pattern would be followed with the regional government appointed by the existing governments.

The problem with regional government is that a good idea has been subverted to the ends of those such as Metro, bureaucrats and land developers who do not wish to be held locally accountable for their actions. Added to this



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is the fact that regional government more often than not has come to be a way of limiting black and urban political power.

The concept of regional cooperation makes a lot of sense — if it is kept within bounds. The first boundary is representation. Any regional government should be elected by districts and fairly apportioned. Metro has shown that an appointed regional government is hopelessly dominated by its staff. The felony of appointment is further compounded by the misdemeanor of constantly changing membership.

Everyone wants to serve on the Metro Board because it carries great prestige and practically no responsibilities. The appointing agencies keep shifting the honor around so that every one gets a chance to have his or her picture taken in a hard hat. Election of full-time members of the regional government is the only way to stop this nonsense.

The second boundary limits power. To date, the main power that regional governments have been created to exercise is that of planning and development. Regional planning is something we could have used — 30 years ago. But this region is mostly developed. The day of tract housing is over. Further, the six major jurisdictions: D.C., Montgomery, P.G., Arlington, Fairfax, and Alexandria are good sized planning units capable of dealing with their own problems without needless overlap. A regional government should coordinate efforts to prevent Falklands and Friendship Heights type developers from dividing and conquering. But D.C. does not need a regional planning body to tell it what to do at McLean Gardens or downtown. We can decide these for ourselves, thank you.

Most of the area's local governments can curb the excesses of developers if they wish to. It is a matter of will. The power and resources are certainly available. The last thing this region needs is another planning agency.

What then should a regional government do? It could provide services. Instead of concentrating on building, development and planning it could provide low cost utility services, insurance, mortgages and transportation.

Most persons pay a substantial portion of their incomes for insurance, for mortgages or to get around. Yet as rate payers they have very little say about what they pay, the level of services, or the way in which their money is invested.

Control over rates and services is scattered, fragmented and by and large captured by those who are supposed to be regulated.

Rate-making is always complex and the public is never consistently represented. Those who decide in each of the three jurisdictions are only as sensitive to the public interest as they care to be. DC, of course, is the worst offender. Our insurance rate-making policies have been unilaterally biased toward the industry and not the policy holders.

A regional government that went into the insurance business could give insurance companies some badly needed competition.

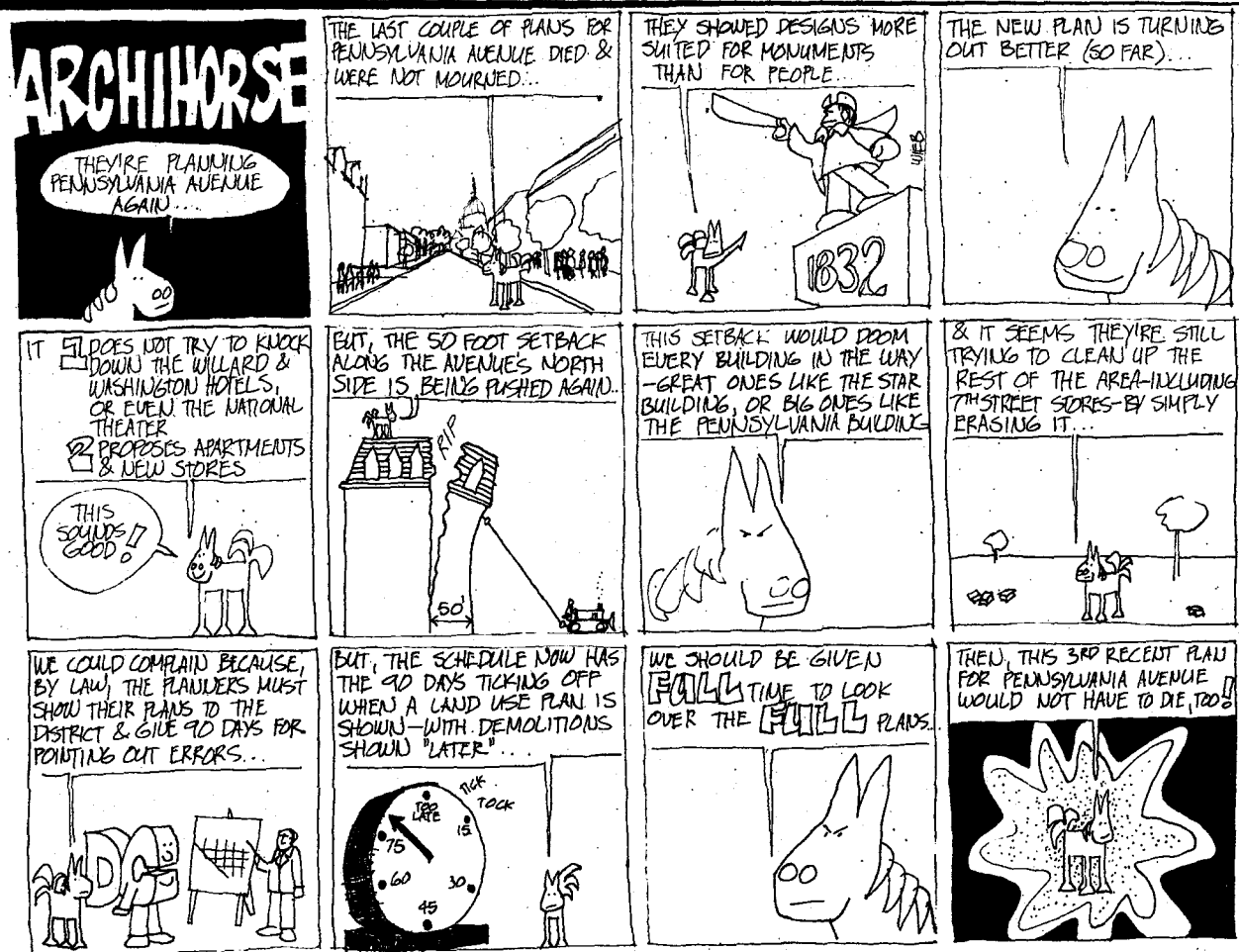
If the regional government owned Pepco, Veeco, C&P, and Washington Gas Light, or if it contracted for their services on behalf of the public there would be considerably more accountability to the public.

Rates could be set so that homeowners and tenants received one itemized bill for all services. If one of the services was more profitable than the others the proceeds could underwrite the more costly utilities. Above all the ratemakers themselves would be more visible. If you don't believe that just look at what the prospect of elections did to DC's tax policy this year. If we didn't have elections coming the Commissioner and Council most assuredly would have raised the rates again.

Even if the utilities were kept in private hands the regional government could lower rates through subsidies. For example, a regional government could raise funds by running National Airport which has exceedingly low landing fees. Increased fees could be an excellent source of revenue for the government.

An additional source of regional revenue could be the all-day parking tax that seems most likely to be imposed by EPA. A \$1 tax on all day parking in the region would generate enough money to run all buses for free and still have money left over to perform other services.

In providing these services the regional government could also insure that each of the three major jurisdictions could make alterations in policies which effect only them. D.C. for example could easily be given control over local bus routes, shelter locations and other services. A regional government can be designed which would not limit the demi-autonomy that DC will soon get. And if the city acts first — preferably through its elected Council — it can assure that any regional government proposal simply does not become a way of taking away that little which we so recently won.



flotsam & jetsam

GROWING up, we leave a trail of heroes behind us. One by one we take our leave of Babar, Winnie the Pooh, Captain Midnight, singers, football players, actors and actresses and, maybe in late adolescence, a president or two — all right for a moment, but unable to keep our company throughout our journey. As adults, we may find that we no longer need heroes, or if we need them, that we are hard-pressed to find them in an era when success is processed, achievement is hyped up by additives and we know too much about all our public figures to keep the distance from them that myth requires. For many also, there is perhaps the uneasy sense that perhaps the last of them fell before the bullets of the sixties. If there is resistance to the current reassessment of John Kennedy, it may stem in no small part from a resentment towards having a myth destroyed without another to take its place. And if there seems an excessive infatuation these days with Edsels, Chubby Checkers and replays of "The Shadow," it may be because our sophisticated stance is betrayed by our hearts; the child is still squirming inside us asking to believe but finding little to believe in except a thin hope that maybe the Bay of Pigs wasn't as bad as My Lai or the beginning of the Vietnam War wasn't quite as bad as its tortuous ending and the knowledge that Humphrey Bogart, Hank Williams and Elvis Presley can not be blamed for any of it.

Such thoughts welled up upon the recent news that two of my onetime heroes had died. They were the sort of heroes who had passed out of my mind long ago, but their deaths brought them back sharply, youthful friends who had helped one boy grow up and then, in the name of maturity, had been discarded and forgotten.

Gene Krupa and Walt Kelly were not the most important names in my private adolescent Pantheon but they were there early and stayed late, replacing, as I recall, Sergeant Preston of the Yukon and Sam Chapman, centerfielder of the Philadelphia Athletics. I met Gene Krupa on the Bennie Goodman Carnegie Hall album sometime early in high school and by the time I had graduated, I wore the grooves of "Sing Sing Sing" almost clear through to "Bei Mir Bist Du Schon" on the other side, trying on my 28" Slingerland bass drum and only slightly less reverberating snare to replicate the rim shots, flamadiddles and express train single stroke rolls that roared out of the speaker. I even tried to arrange "Sing Sing Sing" for our high school band, but with one each trumpet, drummer, saxophone, metal clarinet, classically-trained piano player and a cello on a stool plucked in lieu of a bass, we only fooled ourselves. Yet if the Six Saints sounded awful, at least it was the furthest our Quaker school had ever travelled from Bach and with five records and a drum set, I easily established myself as something of an expert on jazz.

It wasn't until I went to college, and found classmates who already had several summers Professional Experience working in the Catskills, and others with shelvesful of records including such strange names as Charlie Parker and Dizzie Gillespie, that I discovered the art of drumming had actually progressed in twenty years somewhat beyond the pinnacles of Gene Krupa and Big Sid Catlett. My drum teacher in high school hadn't told me. In fact, he never said much at all and that which he said was towards the beginning of the Saturday morning sessions in the basement of the grungy music store on 18th Street in Philadelphia. My teacher had a tendency to nod off during my lessons, which I took to be the result of having played too late the night before. He acted strangely, as though off on some private trip. I would sit at the drum pad, concentrating fiercely — flim, flam, ratamacue, paradiddle, paradiddle, roll-two-three-four, stroke — on the notes on the page before me. There is no music notation duller than that on a drum score. The little golf clubs don't dance up and down the horizontal lines like real music. Except for the all too frequent leap to an "x" for a cymbal stroke or a series of tom-tom beats, they march monotonously across the page in little bunches that quickly become either a blur or an uncountable mass, as hard to separate as strands of spaghetti. I didn't blame my teacher for not being enthralled with my attempts and it wasn't until later that I realized that his nodding might have some other cause than boredom. I took it on faith that drumming was a hard business and rushed home on the A

bus, broke out a big wad of chewing gum and turned on my Bennie Goodman records to bring the spirit back.

But college is certain death for younger heroes and Gene Krupa was no exception. College is a place where everyone knows more than you do and what you do know isn't worth knowing anyway. And so the Gene Krupa sides got played less often, and I took a cram course on Max Roach, Art Blakey, independent coordination (in which hands and feet are taught to move with controlled non-reference to each other) and learned to love — it wasn't hard after the introduction — Sonny Rollins, Thelonius Monk, Bird, Miles, Dexter, Bud, Quincy and on into many nights. Listening to Benny Goodman quickly became as déclassé as playing trains in high school. After graduating from college, I would occasionally put on my old records again, but the truth was that, even free of the pressure to attain collegiate cultural suavity, Gene Krupa didn't mean as much as he once had.

Then he died and Alfie Williams played an afternoon of his stuff on WETA-FM and it came back with the certitude of a number 7D stick cracking the rim of a Gretsch pancake snare. It was great; I hadn't been dumb or naive after all. I had discovered the irresistible hold music can have. Something I had missed through six grim years of piano lessons, six months of clarinet, two weeks of trumpet and turgid afternoons in school choir practice had been revealed to me by Gene Krupa. He made music a part of my life and it never left. What more can you ask of any hero?

Walt Kelly was different. He made no noticable change in my values or interests. He and his creations were more like friends than mentors. Okefinokee was a great place for a troubled teenager to visit. It was the world set right, a gentle place in which even enemies managed somehow to accomodate each other. At a time when people were learning to be afraid to say anything, Walt Kelly had the habit of sneaking up behind you and whispering something subversive in your ear. Before almost anyone else, he realized that Joseph McCarthy would wilt under laughter, that he was figment of liberal fears.

But politicians were not Kelly's only targets. At least I thought not. I read into him a mocking of the lessons of parents and teachers who seemed, in aggregate, determined to drive us out of youth like cows to slaughter, our hind quarters to feed the table of achievement and our ribs to be rolled for the pleasure of wisdom and virtue. Although I, like most kids, attempted to play by the rules, I secretly preferred Pogo's game better. In Okefinokee life was, contrary to the teachings of church, class and dining room table, fun. And life's parts, too. Like words. Spending too much of the day learning colorless verbal rectitude, it was a wonder to escape to a place where people said things like:

ALBERT: How kin you insult a old an'boozim pal like me in such a uncouth manner?

POGO (with outstretched arms of innocence): I never did. . .the per-loo said you was a lizard.

ALBERT (hand and cigar covering eyes): Lies! Deceit! Nothing but fraudulencies! To think that a ol' chumship should go this way. . .Pogo saying that the perloo kin talk!

VOICE FROM PERLOO POT: Anybody but a walleyed frog like you would know it kin.

ALBERT: That's the last needle thru which the Campbells broke their backs! Now that's the way to talk. And poetry:

How hazy grows the purple yon
How myrtle peteled thou
For spring hath sprung the cyclotron,
How high browse thou, brown cow?

Or:

Mamie minded momma
'Til One Day in Singapore
A Sailorman from Turkestan
Came Knocking at the Door: . .

. . .A song of joy, the sounds of which still occasionally interrupt my thoughts as I'm walking home from the bus or waiting in line somewhere.

I accumulated no less than six Pogo books and keep them still. But sometime in the sixties my interest in Pogo waned. Perhaps it was Walt Kelly's fault; perhaps it was mine. But more liekly it was simply that the swamp no longer seemed worth even dreaming about. As the introduction to one of Kelly's books notes, "When the ship is sinking, who remembers to bring oars?" The sixties' ship was down in the bow and the gentle humor of Pogo would clearly not save it.

We tried to make humor more political, but in the end the laughter only became bitter. We could no longer satirize life because life had become its own worst joke. It was us, not someone else, who had slipped on the banana peel — and that's not funny. Kelly had warned us that when we met the enemy it would be us.

Kelly died just when everyman was making a comeback. The Vietnam War, the racial struggle, the generational civil war had made each of us both victim and perpetrator, a decidedly unfunny situation. But then, as the mask slowly peeled off the face of the Administration, we could see ourselves as well once again — black and white, young and old, patriot and agitator — in our true role as victim. It gives us the chance to laugh again.

I don't know whether Pogo had anything more to say to us, but better than most Kelly understood what it meant to be the innocent victim of events and circumstances and it was his sort of time once more.

To me, it doesn't really matter. It is enough that at a time when I needed the swamp, it was, like "Sing, Sing, Sing," there. And for that I have nothing but gratitude.

SAM

Egbert Souse confesses

— EGBERT SOUSÉ —

NOW are the days for the telling of truths. I lay my secrets on the table. I spill my guts before the world. I spit my prejudices right into your puss.

Of course, there are practical considerations. These statements are for background only. They are not for attribution. And we reserve the right to limit quantities, to change advertised prices, and to sue the D.C. Gazette for 40 million dollars if necessary.

And now, unexpurgated, unadulterated, and largely uninteresting, but all or very nearly all or to some degree rather True, here are

The CONFESSIONS of Egbert Souse!

I. I am a trisexual. I have sex with boys, girls, and Unidentified Flying Objects.

II. I not only wear torn underwear on occasion, but I prefer it.

III. It still seems to me that black people and women are lousy drivers.

IV. I think the telephone is an instrument of the devil and that civilization began its obvious downward spiral from the moment of its invention.

V. While in college, friends and I walked out on Hot Shoppes checks totalling nearly one hundred dollars.

VI. Hot Shoppes still got the better of the deal. We had to eat that shit.

VII. I think Nixon deserves another chance.

VIII. I think the energy crisis is a hoax, and the confrontation with the Soviet Union over the Mideast didn't even make me shudder. I don't think I even noticed it.

IX. I would rather eat a McDonald's double cheeseburger and french fries than anything else in the world.

X. Health food makes me puke.

XI. I think Abbott and Costello were just as funny as Laurel and Hardy.

XII. I have a perverse curiosity about the size of Henry Kissinger's weenie.

XIII. I would estimate that I have eaten approximately 50 bags of Chee-tos over the past year. The crunchy kind, not the puffy kind.

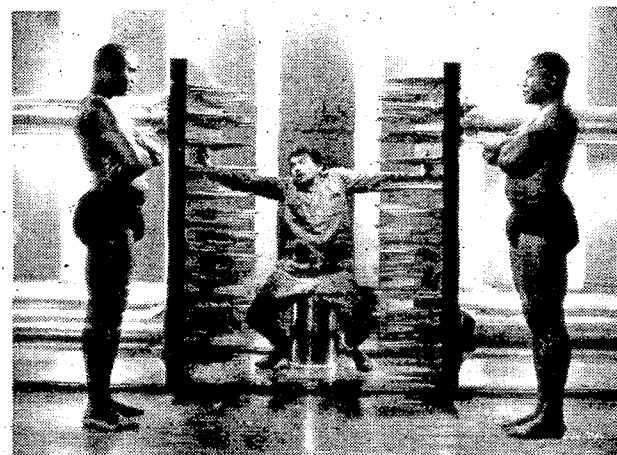
XIV. I think children would be better off engaging in mutual masturbation than watching "Sesame Street."

XV. I miss Uncle Miltie.

XVI. I hope the Redskins lose the pennant. And Warner Wolf gets laryngitis. In either order.

XVII. Sometimes I think Rosslyn, Va., is kind of pretty.

XVIII. I would much rather listen to Charo jabber than to Kate Millett, Gloria Steinem and Germaine Greer all rolled into one. Come to think of it, somebody should roll them all into one.



Mr. Souse confessed of his own free will

Grandma Kling's Recipes

"VICTOR," she said. "It's such a bore to be old. You can't run, or ride bicycles or climb trees. Don't ever get old." Grey Merritt was saying this to my youngest son as she eased out of my car. Victor was impressed, but wasn't quite sure how to respond because Ms. Merritt didn't seem very old to him. He knew that she'd offered two loaves

of bread and two cakes to anyone who gave fifty dollars to the WAMU-FM marathon — and well, he knew that making bread was quite an exercise, much more than what he considered an "old" person could do.

On December 15th Grey Merritt will turn 90, but aside from some deafness and a touch of arthritis which limits

bicycle riding, running and tree climbing, she's up and at it every day and with the voice raised a little you can easily converse with this delightful woman.

Born in England, she became an American citizen by marriage. She's lived in the United States since 1920

(Please turn to page 17)

KLING CONT'D

after spending seven years with her husband in France working for the YMCA. For many years she worked as an executive secretary and cared for children in such places as Old Chatham and Avon, New York. "I never retired," she says. "I'm still going strong." Grey now spends her time between her son, Edward Merritt, in Washington, and her granddaughter, Louise Merritt and numerous nieces and nephews. Since her son is a book reviewer, Ms. Merritt is always caught up in one book or another. She makes hand-sewn, hand-smocked dresses for her grandnieces, lends a sympathetic ear to neighborhood children, and cooks.

Ms. Merritt does not consider herself a creative cook, but she likes new and different things. "Yet," she states, "I have to have a recipe to follow. And I stick to it." She never uses packaged mixes. "I read once that they have the same ingredients that they use to embalm people. What I use are God's simple, common things."

These common things include tomatoes from her son's back yard for chili sauce and canned tomatoes, peaches and cucumbers from New York for pickles and chutney.

For Ms. Merritt, as for anyone who buys food, the cost of food is astounding. But since her perspective is over a great number of years — the difference is even more amazing. "I remember," she says "when the butcher just gave us kidneys and things like that. Hamburger was 25¢ a pound, and strawberries 25¢ a quart." Times have changed, but real cooking hasn't. Here are two of Ms. Merritt's favorite recipes:

DATE CAKE

- 1/3 cup soft butter
 - 1 1/2 cup brown sugar
 - 1/2 cup milk
 - 1 3/4 cup flour
 - 2 eggs
 - 3 teaspoons baking powder
 - 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon
 - 1/2 teaspoon nutmet
 - 1/2 pound pitted dates, chopped
- Bake at 350 degrees

Beat all ingredients together for 3 1/2 minutes. Turn into greased and floured tin. Bake from 35 to 40 minutes. This recipe is not successful if ingredients are added separately.

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD

- 3 cups warm water
- 3/4 cup honey
- 3 yeast cakes (softened in 1/4 cup warm water)
- 1/4 cup oil or partially softened margarine
- 5 cups unsifted, high protein stone-ground whole wheat flour
- 1 level Tablespoon salt
- 1 Tablespoon liquid Lecithin (available at health-food stores)

Beat all ingredients together. The dough will be soft and sticky. Add two to three more cups of whole wheat flour until the dough is stiff (will stand in a peak when spoon is lifted).

Put dough in an oiled bowl and cover with a towel and let rise. When it has doubled in bulk, (the towel will be pushed up) punch down, cover and let rise again until double. On a floured board knead the bread down to its original size—about ten minutes. Place in 3 greased tins and let rise again for 45 minutes, covered.

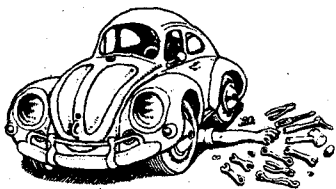
Bake in 350 oven for 50 minutes. Makes three loaves.



- XIX. Miniature collies are freaks and I believe their breeders should be arrested.
- XX. I do not consider David Bowie decadent. I consider David Bowie dull.
- XXI. I believe that hard work and perseverance are for the birds and that honesty is only occasionally the best policy.
- XXII. I think Presbyterians, Lutherans, Baptists and Methodists are all misinformed and that Catholics have got to be kidding. I like Jews but ugh, that food!
- XXIII. I am almost willing to bet that Sally Quinn is a bad lay.
- XXIV. These people bore me silly: Marc Chagall, John Updike, Dick Cavett, Neil Diamond, Barbara Howar, Hunter S. Thompson, Sen. Howard Baker, Sammy Davis Jr. and Jimmy Breslin. And that goes double for Norman Mailer.
- XXV. I think the worst thing about Water-gate may be that now all the smart-ass liberals and righteous journalists can say, "We told you so." And will.
- XXVI. I love Los Angeles and hate San Francisco.
- XXVII. I would like to catch The Carpenters in an unnatural act.
- XXVIII. I would just as soon see movies and plays about white people as movies and plays about ethnic minorities.

Learning to fix it

JEAN LEWTON



EVER since we have owned a car it has been my duty to maintain it. When we owned Volkswagons it was relatively easy to find the best mechanic in the area. Word of mouth recommendations among Volkswagen owners flow like Capitol Hill residents sharing the phone number of a reliable floor finisher. In 1971, however, we bought an American car, and the information dried up. A-1 VW mechanics either refused to work on American cars or appeared to use them as training vehicles for budding repairmen. The gas station with the most respected reputation on Capitol Hill was usually booked solid by 7 am and you couldn't leave the car overnight in order to be first in line because of theft problems.

The situation became desperate when the car started running raggedly right before we were to leave for vacation last summer. As I drove into another station for gas I noticed they had a special on tune-ups — \$29.95. They could take my car immediately — that should have made me suspicious. I bought the tune-up: new points, new plugs, lube, oil change, new oil filter, new air filter and check of brakes etc. When I drove out it did seem to run better.

To be absolutely sure, though, I made an appointment with Pat Goss for a diagnostic test. I assumed a major tune-up had been done, and that anything he might turn up would be so minor, I could have the work done after we returned.

Pat Goss is the proprietor of a Gulf station in Riverdale. But he is much more than that to consumer organizations who are trying to rectify the automobile rip-off. Goss is the expert mechanic who appeared on an expose of auto repair work on 60 Minutes two years ago and on a 12-part auto repair series on WMAL-TV in October. He is adviser to the Prince Georges and Montgomery County Consumer Protection Agencies and an advocate for licensing of mechanics. He was also the victim of corporate revenge. After his 60-Minutes show, Gulf tried to put him out of business by recalling his franchise on the pretext of not selling enough gas. Public outrage was so great, however, that Pat (as he asks you to call him) is still a Gulf dealer.

Two days before we left he tested my car and the following was found: sparkplugs bad, points bad, rear brakes needed work, ball joints needed lubrication, and the distributor had been turned 180 degrees so that the timing was completely off. Since I had waited until the last minute. I was unable to get the necessary work done at Pat's (there's a 2-week

- XXIX. I still think Communism stinks.
- XXX. I think we would all be better off without: The Jesus freaks; bumper stickers that say "Have a nice day;" Saturday Review or whatever they're calling it now; Merv Griffin; Aunt Blubelle and her paper towels; The New York Review of Books; Tang; movies produced by Ross Hunter; high heels; incense; and bees.
- XXXI. I think the World Trade Center is swell and I am learning to like the Kennedy Center.
- XXXII. Given the opportunity, I could not resist shoving a monkey wrench up David Eisenhower's ass.
- XXXIII. I am getting sick of Sangria.
- XXXIV. I think that, despite all the books, movies, TV shows and reminiscence about the 30s and 40s they were probably just as rotten as the 70s.
- XXXV. I believe that creatures from another planet will arrive here soon and announce that earth was an experimental breeding ground for inferior forms of life and that it has been decided to end the experiment, which was a failure.
- XXXVI. I believe the best solution for all our problems would be for everybody to stay home and shut up.

waiting list) and we drove to Maine. While in Maine we spent \$20 to rectify the errors made, including pulling the distributor and having the timing reset.

There was no question about it (particularly since I had to wait five hours in pouring rain in the Freeport, Maine Library for our car to be worked on) that I had been taken. And I wondered how many more times I had been taken. In ten years and four cars I had purchased five batteries, had had 8 ball joints replaced, had had my brakes relined seven times, had had the front end aligned ten times and had paid hundreds of dollars for tune-ups which seemed to last about three weeks with luck. I had even once almost been sold a rebuilt VW engine, but had had the forethought to call my husband to confirm the expense. His advice — wait till it goes. It was still running three years later when we traded it in.

The time (after staring at a portrait of Freeport's founder and reading three books) had come. I would have to take an automotive class. All I knew about cars, despite a highschool driver-training class, was that the wheels go round, the pistons go up and down, valves need lubrication, if the little red light goes on you need oil, and that you should belong to the AAA so that they'll pay for towing when the car breaks down.

On September 17 I began a five-week, two-hours class in beginning auto-mechanics at Pat Goss's service station for \$15. Every Wednesday, armed with notebook, folding chairs and a coffee cup I drove to Riverdale to learn not only how to do minor repairs and a tune-up, but how I had been taken and how not to be taken again, even if I don't do my own work.

Pat's class is based on the premise that there are some honest mechanics, but finding them is almost impossible. Therefore, the average car owner needs to know how the car works, what can be done to keep the car maintained properly so that major breakdowns do not occur, or if they should, what has really happened.

Early in his career Pat worked for some dishonest dealers, and he knows all the tricks. He also gives an acerbic run-down on the built-in faults of Detroit and major foreign car companies. It's even done by date and cylinder requirements. For instance on a late model 8 cylinder Ford and Chrysler (after '67) the idler arm can go bad at 40,000 to 60,000 miles. And costs: on a General Motors car the replacement of an idler arm can cost from \$12 to \$40 dollars. On a Chrysler it can cost \$20-\$25.

Although he doesn't get to it until the fourth lesson, Pat says with a wry smile that a properly maintained car should last between 150,000 and 200,000 miles. And proper maintenance is what the whole course is about. When you buy a new car 3/4 of the price is for the body, the rest buys what makes it go.

The first lesson deals with the most easily repairable and most frequently troublesome part of the car: the battery. If you keep

the battery terminals clean and water up to level; then your battery should last four to seven years.

The second lesson examines spark plugs. You learn not only how to change them, but how to examine them for signs which tell you what is happening in the engine. If the engine is in good condition the end of the spark plug will be a brownish-white color. If it has a sandy-looking deposit between the electrodes (and once you have the course you know what they are) then you're in trouble. It means that oil is entering the engine from around the valves and that your valves are bad or that you have bad valve guides. You also learn that Ford is most prone to this problem on their six-cylinder cars. And if you find a black-gummy oily wet mess you're in real trouble because that indicates that oil is coming around the piston and you need an engine overhaul — right now.

Lessons three and four deal respectively with the ignition system and the use of a tachometer in performing a tune-up.

Lesson number five is the corker. He solicits a car from the class and then he takes you under it. "Here is the place where most people get ripped off," he says. This final

class is a mixture of put-on and comment. He turns the front wheels to the right and shakes them. "Hmm," he says, looking very serious. "You need a new idler arm." Pulling an even longer face he comments on the ball joints. "Very bad," he says. "A lot of money to fix it." Since everything he's said before has been taken as gospel, the owner of the test car goes white in the face. Then in stentorian tones: "If a mechanic turns the wheels and makes these pronouncements, ask him to take the car down and get the hell out of there. You can't tell anything unless the wheels are straight." And it goes on from there. A put on, and a put down. You realize that you probably didn't need those wheel alignments, just tire balancing. You didn't need those new ball joints either. You learn that you can tell whether your car is out of alignment from tire wear. You also find out that there is no reason, unless you have a 1933 vintage car, to rotate your tires and that the shock absorber you bought last month probably didn't need replacing. You also learn that automatic transmissions have very little trouble — and that two times out of three if your transmission goes, it hasn't. All that was wrong was that the transmission filter needed to be

replaced — every 24,000 miles. You also learn in that last lesson that Chrysler products should have a radiator flush and anti-freeze change every six months because Chrysler engines are the worst made next to American Motors.

For those who have a garage and are willing to do the work Pat teaches an advanced class for \$25. But for those who are tired of being taken the beginning class is sufficient. Personally, I doubt that I will ever do more than keep the battery cables clean, but I was amazed at the response and lower cost when I finally took my car for servicing after completing the course. "Will you please do the following?" I said, using the correct terminology. That day I couldn't stay and watch them do the work — but next time I will. Despite those signs that say "Because of insurance customers can not be in the garage while work is being performed" I'll be there because, as you learn in the class, that's just another automotive repair business lie.

For information on classes: Pat's Gulf, 5301 Kennilworth Avenue, Riverdale, Md. (864-1147).

Discount development?

ARCHITECT ARTHUR COTTON MOORE has come up with a development plan for Dumbarton College that may be a harbinger of better times for those fighting overdevelopment. On the 26-acre site at Connecticut and Upton, Moore has plotted a 290-unit, 80 foot highrise on Connecticut next to the Van Ness Center, 280 double-unit townhouses (at about \$75,000 a unit) on the back of the property, seven acres of present campus buildings retained for institutional use and several acres of open space.

This intensity of development appears to be about one-third to one-quarter of what could have been pushed through Washington's development-happy Zoning Commission. So why didn't Dumbarton try for the more intensive use? Obviously, social conscience played a part with both Moore and the sisters (a conscience unfortunately lacking in Moore's Georgetown waterfront plan.) But we suspect something more is at work. Developers are beginning to feel pressure from lending institutions to get on with the job and not tie up dollars in land options while fighting sometimes years-long zoning cases. Maximum potential development becomes a somewhat theoretical concept if developers, often operating on narrow financial margins, can't get the money in the face of court delays and no-growth policies. Just last month, the planned Fairfax County new town of Franconia was shelved after, as one county official put it, the company's attempts to maintain options to purchase the entire 2,000 acre tract began creating "heavy financial losses." The board of supervisors had refused the developers permission to build at the level of density they wanted.

In DC things have gone much better for the

developers. Nonetheless, at Friendship Heights, Georgetown and McLean Gardens, the developers have found themselves faced with lengthy delays and considerable expenses because of law suits, hearings, rehearings and required modification of designs.

Moore, perhaps chastened by the Georgetown hassle, proposed a different approach: find out how much development the community will accept, give it a plan at that level, seek community support for the plan, and walk through the Zoning Commission in a breeze. You might call it discount development: lower profits compensated for by higher turnover.

Moore's debut as the Zayre's of zoning appeared to be a success. The seventy people who showed up for the unveiling of the Dumbarton plan accepted it with only a few concerns expressed about parking, traffic on Van Ness Street and the fear that Federal City College might take over the campus portion ("That's all we need," a white matron grumbled).

Given the fact that probably everyone in the room was expecting something far worse, there was plenty of reason to be relieved. The Moore plan is a step forward, and if it represents a shift in development policy that will be seized by other developers, perhaps ultimately the end of the threat of high density monstrosities like McLean Gardens.

But before Wolf Von Eckardt writes the Style Section encomium that will sanctify this project, it is worth taking a closer look. Not only neighborhood organizations but city-wide groups such as Co-Opt, the Planning & Housing Association and the Ecology Center

ought to give this project scrutiny. It's not big but it may set a precedent. Is it a good plan or simply the same developers giving us a smaller and faster moving target to shoot at?

Here are some questions that need to be answered, before this plan goes ahead:

- Moore suggests that many of the residents in the development will use Metro. But in the census tract where Dumbarton is located, presently served by some of the best public transport in the city, half the workers get to their jobs by car. Will it really change that much with Metro?

- The development will cause a 10-20% increase in population between Connecticut Avenue and the Park, Woodley Road and Broad Branch Road. Is such an increase desirable?

- Since DC's sewage treatment facilities are already overtaxed, what will happen to the added sewage?

- Since we are supposed to be in the midst of an energy crisis, where will the energy to heat and cool these housing units come from? Will the development add still more pressure for nuclear power plant construction?

- What demands will the additional 570 units place on recreational, sanitation and fire facilities, and how much will this added demand cost us?

- Will the development contribute to the demand for more highrise development along Connecticut Avenue?

Those fighting development are constantly told by their opponents that biggest is not necessarily bad. Dumbarton gives us an opportunity to test out a complementary thesis: smallness is not necessarily good.

Creeping regionalism

TO GET EXCITED ABOUT regionalism, you have to be either a bureaucrat or a member of the League of Women Voters. Both species were in attendance at a recent conference on "Regional Communication and Decision Making: The Next Steps." The bureaucrats were there to speak and their groupies, the League, were there to listen, take notes and come away impressed.

The conference was held at the Ramada Inn in Rosslyn, which is perhaps the prototypical regional capital of the future. It rises out of the smog on the other side of Key Bridge like the first metropolis of the moon or the proximate cause of Sterling Tucker's latest wet dream. Looking at the blank walls of Rosslyn one would never guess that the Department of Agriculture or the Nature Conservancy have of-

fices there or, indeed, that we would ever need such agencies. Rosslyn is the first city built of conglomerate, by conglomerates, for conglomerates.

But for many not involved in the enterprise of rebuilding America in the image at the end of the 38 Metro route, Rosslyn is a monument to a sort of urban perfection we once thought we wanted but now, discontent with feeling like cockroaches in a box factory, are learning to suspect.

Whether our suspicions will, over the long run, make any difference, will be decided in part by the communication and decision-making that takes place inside cubes inside the cubes of metropolitan Washington: meetings on regionalism, conferences between the public and pri-

vate sector, seminars on the proper handling of cockroaches.

The keynote speaker on cockroaches at the LWV conference was Jack Nevius. With normal eloquence, he proclaimed that "Regional cooperation is an idea whose time has come — as they say." You couldn't really argue with him — Metro and Blue Plains certainly prove it, although a few weeks later the DC Council chairman would be striking a regionally uncooperative note by refusing to go along with proposals for a \$2 parking tax downtown on the grounds that the city was being screwed.

That's the trouble with regionalism. It's all right as an abstraction, but life is specific, and the specifics militate against either the need or desire for regionalism. We are not one big happy family. Our problems are not the

same as Rockville's and you really have to work at it to find anyone under GS-15 who cares much about making them interrelate.

Which is why, perhaps, there were no elected politicians at the conference. Several had been invited, but somehow they found something more important to do. Achilles Tuchtan, the former mayor of Rockville but now a professional regionalist, said, in a tone of regret, "Elected officials turn inward to their communities to sustain themselves. People seem inclined to be concerned with their own problems."

But the regionalists, armed by the federal government, aren't going to give up. The feds are forcing urban areas into regionalism, granting to undemocratic groups like the Metropolitan Council of Governments power over housing, police, transportation and environmental funds and policies. A whole new bureaucracy is springing up responsible to no one but their peers, quietly gaining control over our future, and we'll never know what hit us because it will all happen at meetings like this one, uncovered by the major media, behind folding partitions in a room in Rosslyn.

George Gross, general counsel of the House Subcommittee on Housing, remarked that he had attended a meeting on regionalism at which the question was asked: would regionalism survive if the federal government withdrew its support? Said Gross, "Most there, if there had been a vote, would have said no."

But the federal government shows little sign of withdrawing its support: Bruce McDowell, of the national Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, reported the opposite. The commission has recommended the creation of something called Umbrella Multi-Jurisdictional Organization" or UMJO — joint local-state-federal government that would have power over regional plans and policies and the allocation of federal grants, provide services to local communities, and be built upon mandatory membership of area localities — in short super-COGs that would permit not the withering away of the state, but the withering away of community. These would not be elected bodies — Tuchtan commented that "I don't believe our region is ready for an elective process for a regional body" — but the replacement of local elected governments with a regional bureaucracy, the final triumph of the administrator over the politicians and the bureau over the person.

This would all be more tempting were there evidence that regionalism to date had made the Washington area a better place. But with Metro increasing the debt of bus operations tenfold by consolidation, with DC's sewage treatment plant overflowing with the feces of suburbia, with our air counted but not controlled by COG, and with regionally-planned freeways stabbing the city in the gut, there is as yet little indication that the regional approach means much

more than further exploitation of the many by the few.

And it is not just the city's problems, although the city obviously has had to bear the brunt of regionalism and although one of the prime motivations for regionalism is a continuation of a process that began decades ago with city consolidation: the dilution of urban ethnic power. Suburban communities feel the threat of regionalism, too. As McDowell admitted: "Many of COG's members do not support COG" and "Many officials support COG because it is the weakest organization that could be devised and therefore preempts the field from strong groups." Suburbs and city alike are threatened, because regionalism is basically an attack on local democracy. It proposes to replace it with regional planocracies run by specialists gorged on their own preconceptions. And in the end, the League of Women Voters will have done themselves in. For the last thing any well-run, interfaced, mutually cooperative, decision-made, communicating, Ramada Inned regional government needs is a voter. How sadly fitting it would be if when America finally commits euthanasia on democracy, the estate is inherited not by Richard Nixon or some red-necked right winger on the local school board, but by Archilles Tuchtan, Ben Gilbert and the executive director of the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, a coup as faceless as the walls within which it was contrived. — S.S.

Mr. Bumbleton's brownout

CHARLES McDOWELL JR.

"WHAT are you doing to save energy, Mr. Bumbleton?" I asked my neighbor, who was standing ankle-deep in leaves in his front yard.

"Not raking the leaves," he said.

"I meant the country's energy, not yours personally," I said.

"I am not raking the leaves," he repeated. "If I raked the leaves, I would then go in the house and take a hot shower, and my water heater would diminish my country's power supply. Also, I might turn up the thermostat a few degrees, because getting chilled after a hot shower is not my idea of wisdom or a good time. That would consume natural gas. Then I surely would have a beer to relax and ward off dehydration."

"Are we supposed to be conserving beer, too? Did that notion come out of the White House energy Policy Office or the National Security Council?"

"Actually, I thought of it," Mr. Bumbleton

said. "Has it occurred to you how much energy is expended in the brewing and marketing of beer? If we could reduce the consumption of beer in this country by, say, 20 per cent, we would conserve tremendous amounts of energy."

"Would it be as effective as turning off the lights on national monuments?"

"More effective than that or any of the similarly bold strokes the government has made so far," he said.

We shouldn't be too hard on the government," I said. "Our leaders are trying to put together a comprehensive plan to meet this national crisis, and they very much want to avoid gasoline rationing or restrictions on industry or anything that would make anybody mad."

"You're right," he said. "And it is particularly difficult for them when they don't agree about what to do, and also when they have to spend so much time traveling around the country

explaining the problem to us and asking us to solve it voluntarily."

"Besides not raking leaves, Mr. Bumbleton, what are you doing voluntarily to conserve fuel?"

"Well, I'm not going to Florida this week end. I probably won't go to Florida at all this winter. I may not even open up the house down there until this crisis is over."

"But you don't have a house down there, Mr. Bumbleton. You never go to Florida."

"That is a quibble," he said. "Circumstances should not be a measure of sacrifice. As a matter of fact, I have been conserving fuel for many years by not going to Florida, but I don't want any medals for it when my country is in trouble."

"What else are you doing voluntarily to conserve fuel?"

"I am not going to California."

"Are you not going by jet or by car?"

"By jet. That will save more fuel than not

CONVENTION CENTER FACTS

NO ONE KNOWS FOR SURE HOW MUCH the Eisenhower Convention Center will cost. Although the original estimate was \$65 million, the city is now seeking an \$81 million bond issue. But even this figure fails to allow for the normal bloating of construction costs. Nor are land cost figures realistic.

THE MAJOR SUPPORT FOR THE CENTER comes from business interests and the White House. Fourteen banks, in what amounts to a bribe, have loaned the city \$600,000 to do the planning of the center. Since this loan can only be secured by passage of the center legislation, the loan represents a payment to influence the City Council to pass the necessary measures.

A NON-PROFIT CORPORATION will front for the city in the convention center deal. Its establishment helps get the city around restrictions with which it would otherwise be faced. But the full faith and credit of the city (and its taxpayers) will be behind the bonds. On a per capita basis, the guarantee amounts to \$161 for each District resident 20 years or older.

THERE HAS BEEN NO SERIOUS, OBJECTIVE FEASIBILITY STUDY made of either the economics, site or environmental impact of the proposed center. Neither has the city submitted a financial plan detailing the manner of proposed financing.

THE PLANS FOR THE CONVENTION CENTER are seriously deficient. There is a question, for example, whether the exhibition hall can legally seat as many people as proposed, whether the height of the hall is great enough for exhibitions such as boat shows, and whether there

is adequate line of sight from the proposed uncomfortable bleacher seating.

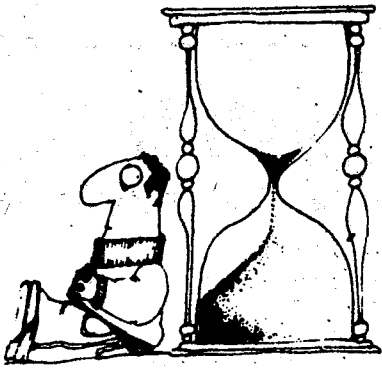
INTEREST COSTS COULD RUN the total price of the center up to \$200 to \$300 million over the next thirty years.

SUPPORTERS OF THE CENTER have failed to produce evidence that this convention center can produce the projected \$700,000 annual operating profit. In fact, all available information suggests that convention centers, with few exceptions, lose money.

HERE IS WHAT HOWARD SLOANE, managing director of the New York Coliseum, has to say about the potential of new big city convention centers: "A study of industry-wide trends of trade and public shows throughout the United States since 1967 revealed that the older, established convention and trade show cities were losing ground to the newer convention and exhibition facilities which have been built in the West, South and Mid-West. While some of the more established trade shows have growth, the industry has been characterized by the growth of smaller, regional type public and trade shows. The result is that the older urban centers have shown a declining share in the number of shows and a dramatic drop in share of attendance nationally. . . . Those traditional major urban centers which have in recent years built new facilities or expanded existing facilities, have been unable to counter the previously described trends towards smaller facilities in new areas. New facilities do not generally produce new business, particularly in established urban areas."

WHILE THE CONVENTION CENTER WILL take only a portion of Chinatown, all of Chinatown is threatened by the development that will be pressed on the adjoining area. The convention center means, very simply, the end of Chinatown.

(Please turn to page 20)



going by car, even if I drove 50 miles an hour all the way."

"You seem to have given a great deal of thought to the kinds of personal sacrifice that really mean something, Mr. Bumbleton."

"The main thing that means something, as long as we are in this voluntary phase of the fuel-saving program, is setting a good example," he said. "As the senior member of this neighborhood, for instance, I am driving myself to and from my office in a modest car rather than a chauffeured limousine."

"Just to show you that I'm a citizen susceptible to example, Mr. Bumbleton, I hereby promise to do the same thing for the duration of the crisis."

"That's truly patriotic of you," he said, "but I must say I hope my example will come to the attention of the sub-cabinet officials and generals and admirals and such that I keep seeing in the back of long black cars around town."

"That's a good point but we have to be careful not to pick on easy targets," I said. "These are busy men with a lot on their minds. Let's assume that, just for the sake of the argument. Anyway, I wouldn't want an assistant

secretary of something to miss a meeting on the fuel crisis because he couldn't find a parking place."

"Yes, we have to balance all the factors in a given situation," he said. "Until the government comes up with a system and a set of rules that will save the requisite amount of fuel, I am willing to play along with the voluntary game, and I am willing to try to as-

sume that there are balancing factors when a bureaucrat in a long black car tells me to ride the bus. I do want to do right."

"I'm sure you will, Mr. Bumbleton."

"Why don't you come in the house for a beer?" he said. "We'll cut the thermostat down to 50 and wear our overcoats if it will make you feel better. But frankly I feel that I've set a good enough example today to deserve a beer."

RICHMOND-TIMES DISPATCH

IT'S a small country after all. When the insurance industry's friend Edward Lombard retired as insurance superintendent, Walter Washington promised a nation wide search for a new one. The result: Maximilian Wallach, Lombard's assistant.

The City Council too has completed a talent search. Lauren Bleaker of the Corporation Counsel's office two floors below the Council is its new lawyer. He lives in Maryland.

HERE'S THE LATEST LESSON in Metro-nomics. Metro is getting 620 new buses in January. That means, of course, that it will have to get rid of 369 still usable ones. Why? No place to park them. Metro claims that you can't just use any old parking lot. You've got to have repair and fueling facilities. The replacement value of those buses: probably about \$10 million more than Metro will get for them. But in the wonderful world of Metro, what's \$10 million among friends?

CENTER CONT'D

WHILE THE CONVENTION CENTER WILL TAKE ONLY A PORTION OF CHINATOWN, all of Chinatown is threatened by the development that will be pressed on the adjoining area. The convention center means, very simply, the end of Chinatown.

ALTHOUGH THE CENTER is being pushed on the grounds that we need to attract larger events, the latest consultant reports list only 6 of an expected 58 events that will require the full space of the center. At least two of these are already using city space, the Armory, for their annual exhibitions. Moving them to the center would be robbing Peter to pay Paul. Further, Barry Bloom, one of the leaders in the fight against a convention center in San Francisco, points out: "Conventions are activities best held in hotels. Conventioneers talk, eat and have illicit sex. These things are not best done in 200,000+ square foot exhibition facilities."

MR. BLOOM MAKES A COUPLE OF OTHER IMPORTANT POINTS: (1) "Nationally the exhibition or trade show business is not a growth industry but a rather stable one, with a relatively constant amount of economic pie being shared by the various 'convention cities' in the country. This means that for every new 'convention facility' built in America the competition for occupancy increases and rental costs tend to go down. The facilities lose money, and a huge tax subsidy is required to keep them operating." (2) "The construction and financing of a convention and/or sports complex is a financial windfall to a few special interests: the builders, architects, insurance companies, law firms, brokerage houses that are bond advisers, landowners in or near the project site, and the bondholders themselves. The resident-taxpayers in the city where these projects are built get screwed. They are promised vast economic blessing; they wind up paying high taxes to support a real estate empire that will never pay for itself."

ALTHOUGH THE CONVENTION CENTER IS CLAIMED AS A PRODUCER OF JOBS, it will provide only 65 on site, a net loss of 425 jobs from the present situation. Eighty-two firms will be wiped out as will 220 residents now living on the site. Further, only about a third of the 2500-3000 jobs that, according to the city estimates, would be generated in the surrounding area would go to DC residents. Thus, even using the city's optimistic estimates, only 700-850 new jobs would be created for Washingtonians or about \$100,000 per job. Just for comparison, and not as a suggestion, if the site were fully developed without any public money under conventional zoning, as many as 12,000 new jobs could be provided on the site at no cost to the city.

THERE IS A STUNNING LACK OF HOUSING AND COMMERCIAL SPACE FOR THOSE who will be dislocated.

THE CITY'S REVENUE ESTIMATES are based on the assumption that the convention center will be used several times as much as the estimate of independent consultants familiar with convention experience in other cities. If the city's estimate is this far off, it could cost the city \$2 million in operating losses a year, even before debt service and principal payment which could run anywhere from \$6 million to \$9 million a year.

NOWHERE IN THE CITY'S FIGURES IS PROVISION MADE FOR THE cost of cars coming to the center, or the added costs of police, fire, sanitation and water treatment. They will be substantial.

THE EISENHOWER CONVENTION CENTER will be a boon only to selected business interests and financial institutions. The rest of us will be paying for it for years. Every taxpayer will be paying for it in dollars. The poor, the young, the aged and infirm will be paying for it in the lack of services they might otherwise receive. The Chinese community will be paying for it in the destruction of Chinatown. The 82 businesses will be paying for it in the loss of clientele, or worse, total elimination of the business itself. And all of us will be paying for it in increased pollution and traffic. No elected government would dare approve this boondoggle.

AFTER a series of ill-attended "Library Goals Meetings," the DC Library system got a surprise on Capitol Hill. Community correspondent Chris Cabell reports that at the largest meeting in the series, SE residents expressed considerable displeasure with the way the libraries were being run. As James Kojo Riggs put it, "The whole concept of the library should be redefined. I see the librarian as being other than a walking computer, memorizing a lot of titles and authors. The library and library personnel should be responsive and sensitive to the people they serve."

"I went into the Southeast Branch Library," continued Riggs, "walked around and saw the paintings there. Now the Southeast community, although it has a large white population, is basically black. There were no paintings by a black artist or relating to the black experience. Hell, don't black people paint? Is there nothing in our lives worthy of being translated onto canvas? The next day I went to the Woodbridge Library which is located in a totally black community and saw the same paintings. Each branch should have an advisory board comprised of community people. This board would have some local autonomy and make the library more responsive to the culture of the community."

Ed Goode, of the Capitol Hill Group Ministry, was unhappy about plans to shut the library down for four months for renovation. He had written to request a bookmobile or trailer during the period but library director Milton Byam had told him there was no money for that. Goode also noted that there was no representative from Capitol Hill on the library board of trustees. Steve Taylor pointed out that the community had not been consulted about proposed renovations, about "what will be added and what taken away." Toward the end of the meeting, Virginia Newmyer, president of the library board, remarked that "obviously the most vocal members of the community" were those attending the meeting. Sister Marcellina, principal of Holy Comforter School, retorted: "I'm not here because I'm a vocal member of the community, but because I'm principal of a school of 800 children."

UNDER THE NEW HOME RULE BILL, politicians will have to please both their constituency and Congress. Thus, it is safe to assume that any successful politician will be either a schizophrenic or a liar.

IF YOU'RE LOOKING for a house in Georgetown, Prospect House is up for sale for \$595,000.

IN ANOTHER STUDY, the Urban Institute rated 18 metropolitan areas according to 14 social indicators meant to suggest the "quality of life." The Washington area's overall average, places it sixth, behind (in order) Minneapolis-St. Paul, Boston, Dallas, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and Milwaukee. Washington had the least unemployment and the least citizen participation (based on voter turnout in presidential elections). The area had the highest level of educational attainment and the second lowest percentage of households with incomes under \$3000.

KENNETH GRAY, the congressman who shoved the Eisenhower Convention Center down our throats, isn't going to run again next year, due to poor health. Gray says he will continue to live in Washington.

NOTES FROM THE REAL WORLD

THE U.S. Defense Department is currently perfecting a system that would allow computers to monitor millions of private telephone conversations simultaneously.

The basic principal of the program, being spearheaded by the Pentagon's advanced research projects agency, is known in computer jargon as "speech recognition."

Speech recognition is an electronic procedure in which a computer is literally taught to understand spoken words. Once the process is perfected, a person would speak into a microphone, and a computer would be able to translate the spoken words into perfect, verbatim written transcripts.

At a recent symposium on "artificial Intelligence" at the Stanford Research Institute in Menlo Park, California, the Pentagon confirmed that it is spending up to \$7 million on speech recognition research.

M.I.T. computer science professor Joseph Weizenbaum warns that there are dangerous implications in the perfection of "speech recognition" techniques. Professor Weizenbaum states that the technique could be employed by a government to tap the telephones of millions of people simultaneously.

It is impossible today for government agents to listen in on massive numbers of conversations — simply because there are a limited number of agents and they can monitor only a limited number of phone calls in a fixed period of time.

However, with "speech recognition" equipment, computers could be set up to monitor millions of phone lines simultaneously for "forbidden words." Then, when the computer recognizes one of these forbidden words — words, for example, like "marijuana" or "defeat the President" — a human attendant could be automatically signaled. Or perhaps the "forbidden word" or phrase would merely start a tape recording rolling that would later be automatically transcribed into written form and placed into the caller's dossier.

Professor Weizenbaum says he is so concerned about the potential abuse of speech recognition that he will not work on any computer projects related to it — and he has advised fellow faculty members and students to follow suit.

What speech recognition could mean, in short, is that the work of millions of agents could be replaced by a single machine — a machine with the ability to select, on its own, "interesting conversations." In the long run, the Defense Department's research could give some government, one day, the ability to monitor every single telephone call simultaneously.

— ZODIAC

THE Vatican's official newspaper recently announced that St. Anthony the Abbot may now be "officially invoked" as the Patron Saint of the Environment. St. Anthony was selected because of the conservation practices of monks belonging to the order of St. Anthony.

St. Anthony, himself, was not one to get involved in causes: he was an Egyptian of the 4th century A.D. who spent the bulk of his 105 years living in caves and frugally existing on bread, salt and water.

— ZODIAC

THOSE tapes the President's secretary has been transcribing are known around the courthouse press corps as "Rose Mary Babies."

A RELIABLE INFORMANT IN NORTHERN VIRGINIA called the other day to report that the symbol of the Republican Party was going to be changed from the elephant to the prophylactic. The new choice was suggested by four of its attributes: (1) it stands up under inflation, (2) it holds down production, (3) it protects a lot of pricks and (4) it gives a false sense of security while being screwed.

ALL-MEDIA Associates, a Dearborn, Michigan, publishing house for police newspapers across the United States, has come up with a comic hero known as "Supercop."

The new hero is that usually mild-mannered police officer on a city police force named "Frank Farber." However, according to the comic

strip, as a soldier in Vietnam, Farber had been exposed to shots from a "Vietcong Ray Gun" that left an unknown substance in his body.

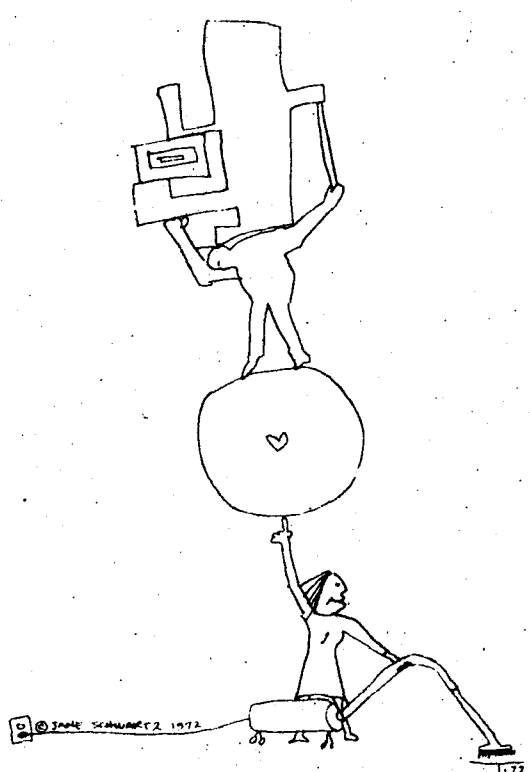
Whenever Farber senses injustice, adrenalin flows through his veins and combines with the mysterious ray gun substance to change him into an incredibly-strong "Supercop."

In one of the first strips, Farber is transformed into Supercop when he becomes upset at what is described as a "hippie riot." Yelling out the words "Commie, Hippies, Leftists and Radicals," Supercop charges the "Hippie Riot," and singlehandedly uses his strength to bust virtually everyone at the demonstration.

In another upcoming adventure yet to be released, "Supercop" grabs and manhandles a judge who had been too lenient on criminals.

To return to his normal self, Supercop merely mumbles the secret phrase "Law and Order" — and, presto, he is mild-mannered Officer Frank Farber once again.

All-Media Associates reports that police-ment across the country just love their new comic hero.



ATTORNEY-GENERAL DESIGNATE WILLIAM Saxbe's comments about not reopening the investigation into the Kent State massacre are of more than passing interest to those familiar with the case. It's not just a matter of conflict of interest — Saxbe is a close friend and political ally of James Rhodes, the governor who ordered the student-killing troops onto the campus, and Saxbe himself is a former member of the National Guard unit involved.

What is more disturbing is an article in the November 8 Village Voice in which Peter Davies, the author of *The Truth About Kent State*, reports that last August he called a highly respected correspondent for the New York Times to tell him about a news conference the next day that would announce the reopening of the investigation. Davies writes that the correspondent said, "I know about the news conference. As a friend I feel I have to suggest that you let Kent State die. There is information in the hands of the government which would cause the parents of the dead far greater pain if revealed by a full investigation than the pain they are suffering now from no investigation."

"I cannot tell you what this information is because you are too close to the families involved. I hope they never learn of the connection. I can assure you there will never ever be a federal grand jury on Kent State." Another journalist obtained clarification of the Times's correspondent's remarks to the effect that the pain caused by a full-scale inquiry would be "pain to the nation."

Davies suggests that the White House decision to put the lid on campus demonstrations against Nixon's decision to invade Cambodia could have filtered down to Governor Rhodes

in the form of a hint that whatever steps Rhodes wished to take to crush the dissent at Ohio State and Kent State would be secure from federal intervention.

Rhodes went to Kent on May 3, 1970, 24 hours before the shootings, when the armed, combat-ready troops were on campus. He was quoted than as making statements such as "We are not going to treat the symptoms, we are going to eradicate the problem."

Speaking of the demonstrators he went on: "They're worse than the brown shirts and the Communist element and also the night riders and vigilantes. They're the worse type of people that we harbor in America."

And last month, Saxbe was quoted by the New York Post as saying of the Kent State massacre: "It had to happen. . . It brought the confrontations to a screeching halt. . . I doubt that the guardsmen should be punished for that."

— LNS

MARGUERITA Oswald, the mother of accused assassin Lee Harvey Oswald, says she has a "very interesting picture of Lee" that could shed some light on Oswald's alleged connections to the C.I.A.

Ms. Oswald has declined thus far to show the picture to any reporters or investigators. She states that the photo, taken while Oswald was in the Marines, shows him in a group with several officers in uniform from various branches of the military service.

Ms. Oswald adds that the photograph contains the names of the individuals in the picture, and that none of the names, other than her son's, ever appeared in the Warren Commission report. She indicates that the photograph may show her son was assigned to a special intelligence unit — perhaps with C.I.A. connections — within the Marine Corps.

Marguerita Oswald, who now lives in Fort Worth Texas, says she will not release the picture unless she is paid for it. She explains that she is broke — and needs the money.

— ZODIAC

A GADGET straight out of Mission Impossible is being used to check meal tickets at the University of Tennessee.

According to the publication *National On Campus Report*, the name of the electronic device is "Identimat 2000." Before Identimat 2000 will permit a hungry student to enter the University's cafeteria, the student must insert his or her meal card into a slot.

The student must then place his or her hand on the face of an electronic reader machine. Identimat 2000 compares the size and shape of the user's fingers with the recorded magnetic information contained on the meal card, to make sure that the rightful owner is using the card and to prevent students from loaning their cards to other people.

If an imposter is exposed, the still-hungry student wanders off to the nearest McDonald's for a bite to eat.

— ZODIAC

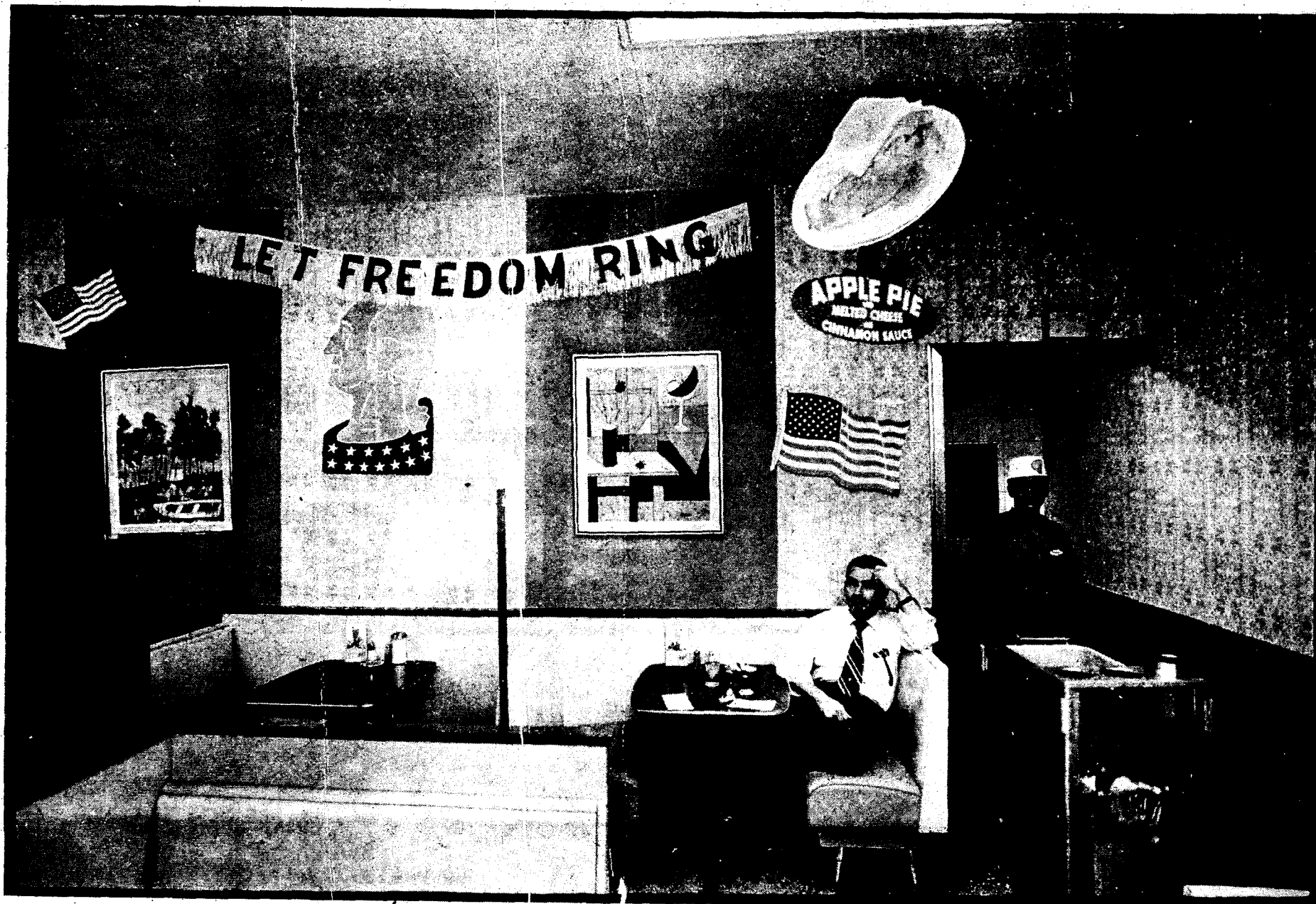
AND NOW THE GOOD NEWS. . .

WHILE the Israeli-Arab War was escalating and the Arabs threatened to cut off oil supplies to the Western world, another news item from the Middle East went virtually unnoticed.

Colonel Harlan Sanders announced that Kentucky Fried Chicken is opening up its first fried chicken outlet ever in the Middle East — in Kuwait. — ZNS



THE ARTS



ONE SHOT DEAL

One of the photos by Robert D'Alessandro in the exhibit "Letters to My Congressman" at the Washington Gallery of Photography, 216 7th St. SE, through Dec. 14. To submit photos for this space, send to DC Gazette, 109 8th St. NE, DC 20002 by the third Tuesday of the month. If you want photos returned, enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.

BOOKS

SDS
by Kirkpatrick Sale
Random House, pp. 752, \$15

WE will be a long time sorting out the 1960s. All around us its impulses, ideologies and heroes lie broken or abandoned. It has been remarked that great initial success has been harder for American writers to handle than failure and obscurity, and one suspects that the same observation would hold true for recent political and cultural radicalism. For a time the New Left flourished in hot house fashion. Then beset by larger social forces and apparently bent on self-destruction from within, it all but disappeared from existence or even memory.

In his behemoth of a book Kirkpatrick Sale has attempted an exhaustive history of the SDS, the organization which more than any other was praised and blamed for the activities of the New Left. It must be said straight away that Sale's work is disappointing. Elegaic and celebratory in intent, it is mechanical and flat-footed in execution. Neither the movement, the issues nor the personalities come to life under his pen. Sales' problems are not however to be minimized. To write an institutional history of the SDS is something akin to an extended essay on Spiro Agnew's political ethics; that is, the effort works against the nature of the subject. SDS was always wary of a tight, efficiently run national organization or a coherent ideol-

logy. Indeed its anarchist bias led to a failure, as Sale points out, to develop any radical alternative to our conventional concepts of how organizations should be run. The result was that the SDS lurched from issue to issue and never got purchase on the forces at work in the larger society.

Beyond this difficulty Sale has failed at the historian's first task: the shaping of his material into a compelling narrative and complex texture. We are bombarded with statistics, accounts of platform debates and sectarian squabbles for endless pages while outside events or the intellectual and cultural forces of the decade are passed over in a few sentences. The result is that not only can we not see the forest for the trees, we get little sense of the underlying terrain. Still, for now, Sale's book must serve since he has brought together all we can and more than we care to know about the SDS. Though never a card carrying member, he is sympathetic and such criticisms as are mounted are generally muffled and rueful rather than rude.

The SDS began in the early 1960s as a student off-shoot of the League for Industrial Democracy (LID), whose membership hardly made up a team much less a league and whose politics rested heavily upon hardline anti-communism and nods toward social democracy. This initial stage of SDS was dominated, Sale claims, by a reform impulse, taking much of its coloration from the civil rights movement. One faction of SDS attempted community organization with little success; another focussed on emerging student-university issues; and a weak third faction wanted to operate at the left fringes of the Democratic party. Such were the beginnings.

"Resistance" characterized the second stage (1965-68) of SDS activity and it was then that the organization enjoyed greatest success

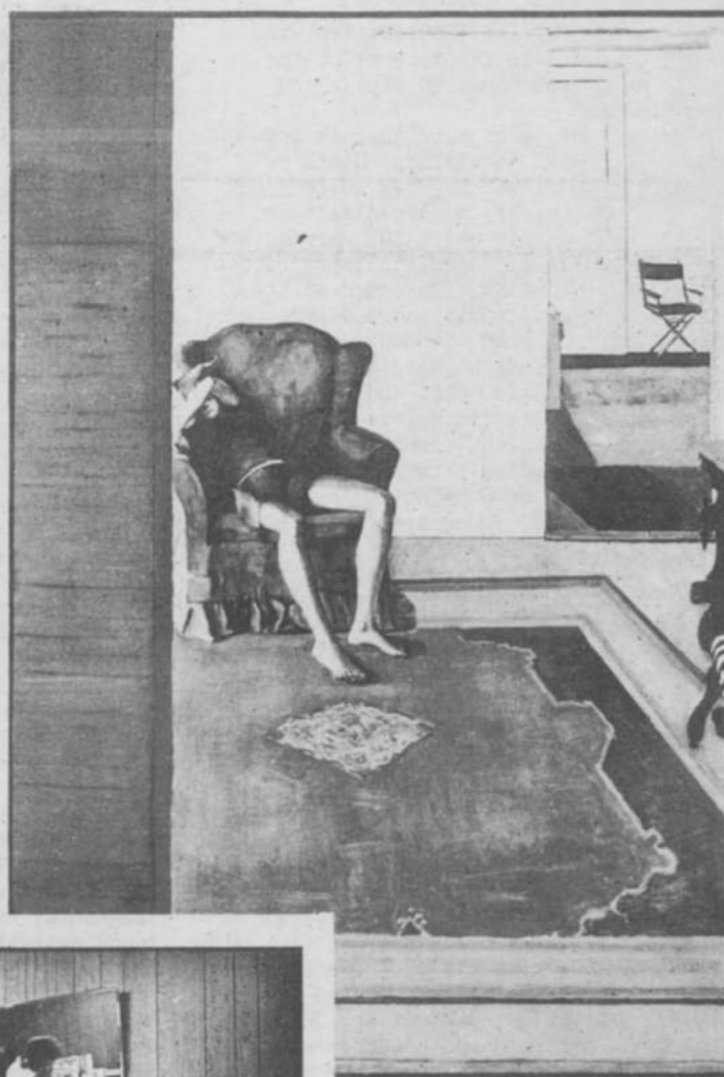
in voicing student and youth opposition to the war and the draft. Yet Sale claims that SDS passed up a real chance to lead the anti-war movement or to organize a national student union. As SDS came under increasing national scrutiny, it was damned and praised for things it had little or no hand in. And most crucially it was during these years that SDS decided against speaking to broadly based issues which concerned the masses of Americans. Concern with electoral politics or specific economic and social issues was jettisoned. Thus the fateful (and fatal) turn inward. What else the SDS might have done, what issues could have mobilized a larger segment of the society is not at all clear; but it is clear that in its partial success with students lay the seeds of eventual isolation and failure.

Finally the last years of the decade found SDS developing a revolutionary posture. Fired by "success" at Columbia and brutalities at Chicago the now dwindling ranks of the SDS were fired by the paradoxical vision of an imminent Armageddon. But the SDS was a vanguard without following or an ideology which could speak now even to students. The Maoist Progressive Labor Party (PLP) came to dominate national conventions by dint of superior organization (no nonsense about participatory democracy came from the PLP cadres) and ideological responses which snowed neophytes or bludgeoned doubters into uneasy silence. The beginning of the end came in the summer of 1969 when at the National convention in Chicago, the PLP was expelled from the organization and the Weathermen (persons?) emerged as kings of a rapidly emptying kingdom. The slide into paranoia, self-righteousness, self-hate, threadbare Marxism and the ideology of violence proceeded apace, helped along of course by the willing minions of Mitchell and Hoover and local

DON SACO AT MICKELSON'S



JON CARSMAN AT JACOBS LADDER THRU DEC. 29



ROBIN MOYER AT THE FOLGER

BERNARD CHAET AT THE JANE HASLEM GALLERY



JON CARSMAN '73

Red Squads. In the fall of 1969 the trashing of Chicago took place to the tune of police whistles, sirens, truncheons on skulls and shattering windows.

Sale is not really of much help in trying to figure out what it all adds up to or what lessons can be drawn. He does quite rightly stress the ideological and organizational vacuum on the Left within which SDS emerged and took shape. Indeed it is fantastic in retrospect that radicalism in the 1960s depended on students and a few intellectuals who had precious few resources to draw upon. Second, within the forces of dissent it must be said that the emergence of black consciousness and black separatism divided the Left and deprived the essentially white SDS of consistent support and "real" issues. All rhetoric to the contrary, it was and is hard to be convincing in the claim that students and young people are oppressed. Moreover the dominance of the Viet Nam War in a real sense killed the emerging radicalism much as World War I killed pre-war radical impulses. Energies which might have been used at home to hammer out new perspectives and strategies were consumed in the essentially negative issue of ending the war. And most of us were not willing to follow up by "bringing the war home" since there were burnings enough here. And finally the revolutionary pitch of the SDS must seriously be questioned. Its moralistic message was never able to convince most people that they had more to gain than lose by destroying the system. The more SDS preached revolution and the apocalypse, the more people stayed away in droves.

Finally, Sale claims too much for the SDS. Except on the issue of the war and the draft it was never able to elicit any deep or lasting response. It produced no coherent body of political or social thought or any first-rate thinker which have survived the issues of the day. And the SDS contempt for thought and its hallowing of action was right in the American grain. Anathemized and lauded though it was in the 1960s the SDS left little more than a vague reputation behind. And no consequential radicalism can be built around such frail traces.

— RICHARD KING

THE CONGRESSMAN WHO LOVED FLAUBERT Ward Just

THE city of Washington has been a victim of myth in literature as well as politics, so it is not surprising that its memorable fiction is not a lot thicker than some recent wit-and-wisdom books. Fiction is often snagged on myth which by its nature inspires unreal settings, ready-made power struggles, and stereotyped characters. These traps abound in Washington. They generate writing as generous of nuance as the Washington Monument.

Washington nevertheless intrigues. To see beyond the shadows and distortions of the "Capital" image, to dig past the marble monuments and find real people and authentic lives has challenged writers from Mark Twain in *The Gilded Cage* to Thomas Pynchon. In a short story, "Entropy" published in 1960, Pynchon presented a bizarre underbelly of the city with a hero as paralyzed as the oppressed city itself. It came close in many ways to capturing the peculiar, surreal flavor of a city where men sit in shirt sleeves shuffling revolutions across their desks, though it is not a political story in the usual sense of the word. Indeed the classic American political fiction such as *All the King's Men* and *The Invisible Man* has been set elsewhere, in the South or New York, places already unraveled to some authentic core where the writer as well as the reader is likely to know the smell around the corner.

But just as other aspects of the art and life of this city seem to be blossoming, Washington fiction seems to be getting closer to the mark. One recent novel stated flat out that Washington was a black city. Having made that nod, it unfortunately raced back to Georgetown for a setting as substantial as an hors d'oeuvre. Another Washington writer predicted recently that the first real Washington novel will probably be the story of a man plugging for a promotion from GS 13 to 14. Now Ward Just, the former Washington Post newsman, has written a series of nine stories plus a novella, all set in Washington, about a way of life and a people as real as a pinch on the arm.

Someday, Just has said, a novelist will tell the truth about Washington, but it won't be a book directly about the corridors of power. And while Just's characters don't command the corridors, they certainly have connections there and evenings when they settle down for a drink it is mostly in Georgetown that they lift their glasses. Furthermore they will never cross the Anacostia River or see Far North

east and they are for the most part beyond even GS-14. Nevertheless the people are real and the stereotypes have been scraped away. The southern congressman with cockleburrs in his hair is gone and instead, in the title story "The Congressman Who Loved Flaubert," a southern congressman who studied at the Sorbonne is asked to make what he considers a politically damaging stand against the Vietnam war. He refuses until a young student whispers that her brother was killed there.

The stories are of this kind of struggle, low key whispers in the back of the room. They are understated, polished, and full of a nuance and a sureness of this milieu. For once in fiction we are able to understand how an intelligent person might be intrigued for a lifetime with the subtleties and machinations of both government and politics. There is a wealth of information and jargon in quiet scenes of the wheels of Washington turning.

In Just's world as in real life the political and personal lives are meshed. Women are characters rather than insertions for a bedroom scene in which the hero gets a very important call. There are women with responsibility, with power, women who betray and aid, and actually men and women who are friends.

"Nora," the story of a British journalist's romance with a senator, is told by her male friend and confidant. Both "Nora," and "Noone" center around the announcement of broken marriages which will prove politically damaging. Like all of Just's stories, and so fitting for this judgmental American capitol, they revolve around evaluations of marriages, lives and careers.

In "The Brigadier General and the Columnist's Wife," the influence of a famous columnist lingers beyond his decline. In "A Guide to the Architecture of Washington, D.C." a president's man, whose time is passed, tries to return.

There are many influential people in these stories but no heroes. There are, however, many

failures. Not failures of the kind suddenly publicized on the front page of the daily newspaper, but the slow, more human failures of attainment, which are surely truer of this city than a string of heroic successes or dramatic and sudden collapses.

In "Burns" a young would-be diplomat joins the State Department the week John Foster Dulles dies and is eventually put on permanent loan to the CIA. It is a gentle, noncondescending portrait of a career which veers unexpectedly. The same theme is used in *Born In His Time*, the novella published in two parts in the *Potomac Magazine*.

Born is a young lawyer with a career carefully mapped out. He joins a blue stocking Washington law firm as his first step, but fails later while his wife, also a lawyer, carries out her own career plan without snags. The novella told alternatively by the senior law partner, Weiss, and Born himself, is not so successful as the shorter stories. If Just draws a hero it is Weiss, the urbane lawyer's lawyer, specializing in anti-trust, and the role of villain falls to Born's ambitious young wife whose characterization is hardly strong enough to support the role. The ending, too, is heavier. In *The Congressman Who Loved Flaubert* the characters are open to the gentle twists and turns of possibilities that surround the Washington spotlight, while *Born in his Time* closes a bit too neatly and not so satisfactorily.

Still all these stories are a fine addition to the literature of Washington and Ward Just has captured a particular aura. There is a certain pose that people in government circles assume. It is the air of coming out of the lion's den for a moment, burdened but calm, to face the camera. Often the lions are imaginary and the calm face is simply that of a poseur wishing it were so. Just's stories seem to have penetrated the pose and spread its implications across the pages like a deck of cards seen in a sharp, clear light.

— PATRICIA GRIFFITH

DRAMA

SOMETHING'S AFOOT at the American Theater

L'ENFANT Plaza's American Theater's bit of theatrical fluff called *Something's Afoot*, is an exercise in entertainment, not brainmeal, which succeeds despite its archaic vehicle.

It is the musical version of Agatha Christie's *Ten Little Indians*. There is little suspense in the plot machinations since "who done it" can be figured out by the end of the first act; but that seems academic in the delight of watching the actors perform their death throes.

What's Afoot is no more than a jaunty musical farce, and the only question to be asked of such an exercise is: does it entertain? Obviously, audiences think so (standing ovations and a holdover run until December 16). In reality, the play doesn't deserve such uninhibited accolades — the book is corny, there is enough overacting to distract, and the music is overstatedly derivative. But despite these drawbacks, it makes you laugh. And given the non-entertainment value of the real world, that's enough.

It's difficult to comment on such an ephemeral piece. There's no blood and guts to dip your hands into and what is left is the level of the acting. Farce is harder to act than tragedy. Unless the actors are skillful, farce can fall flat. More unnerving than the sound of one hand clapping at the end of a tragedy is the absolute silence surrounding a funny act which gets no laugh. In tragedy the critic can excuse incompetent acting with "He was unable to plumb its depths." But in farce there's nothing to plumb; and the actor either makes it or doesn't.

Fortunately, *What's Afoot* has the people who can bring it off. Particularly successful are Liz Sheridan as Lady Grace Manley-Prowe; Henry Victor as Clive, the heir apparent; and Steve Scott as Geoffrey, in one of those impossible manikin juvenile roles. The others tend to strain for their laughs, but fortunately, never enough to actually defeat the production.

What's Afoot is fun, and at its best, irrepressible fun. The production is refresh-



ingly energetic. The all-out singing and dancing, the intricate stage tricks and its unpretentious ridiculousness make it an engaging night out.

— JEAN LEWTON

LITTLE ME at the Harlequin Dinner Theater

TAKE the Beltway to 70S and make a right after exiting at Shady Grove Road; at Route 355 make another right, and at the second traffic light make a left at Gude Road. Continue about a mile until you come to a shopping center and there you'll find the Harlequin Dinner Theatre, whose surprise package production of "Little Me" makes the drive (about 45 minutes from Capitol Hill) worth the time.

Everything about this fast moving musical comedy works. The book by Neil Simon, based on Patrick Dennis' novel of the same name, is full of zany happenings, and the music and lyrics of Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh comprise a winning combination for those who are looking for a light evening of entertainment during the holidays, and a happy ending for an otherwise discouraging year. The show will run through December, Wednesday through Monday evenings, with a special New Years Eve performance.

For those members of the audience who enjoy being served by the same people who entertain you, the Harlequin provides you with wait-

ters and waitresses who also act, sing and dance, which should be too much to expect of anyone. The audience seems to like it, and most of the actors have been willing to go along with the arrangement thus far. Performing for tips, however, does seem to be a step backward in the theatre profession.

The dinner-theatre concept has been well thought out at Harlequin with comfortable seating and good sight lines from every table. The production and managing directors, Nicholas Howey and Karey Walker, have not only developed a sophisticated theatre facility, but they have seen to it that the food is good and that the calibre of each character has been polished, making for a slick and attractive presentation.

Larry Shue, an actor-in-residence at Harlequin, does a commendable job in the seven-character role that was originated ten years ago by Sid Caesar. It was obviously created as a tour de force for Caesar and it's good to see that other actors have within their capabilities enough talent to find this role challenging.

Ms. Mundell as the "socially deprived" Belle Poitrine who feels she needs wealth, culture and social position in order to marry the man she loves, is delightful even though she only glosses over the surface of the character. In the roles of the Buchsbaum Brothers, John Calkins and Jack Kryieleison are perfectly cast, as is John Jellison in the role of George Musgrove.

Together with able performers in the major roles; the clever stage direction of John Dillon; the marvelous musical direction of Hampton King; the energetic choreography of Jim and Michele Mundell; and the simple yet effectively functional set design of Bil Mikulewicz, "Little Me" is definitely a winner! For reservations call 340-8515 and enjoy the holidays!

— SALLY CROWELL



THE SEVEN ROLES OF LARRY SHUE IN "LITTLE ME" AT THE HARLEQUIN DINNER THEATRE.

FILM

PLAYTIME

Reviewed by Joel E. Siegel

EIGHT years of writing about movies have eroded what little language I have, leaving me without words strong and intelligent and admiring enough to give Jacques Tati's *Playtime* its due. In the history of motion pictures, there are only a handful of films as innovative, as accomplished and, ultimately, as satisfying.

Tati, whose Fifties comedies *Mr. Hulot's Holiday* and *Mon Oncle* were universally admired, made *Playtime* in 1967 on an immense scale, reportedly at a cost of over three million dollars. The film was shot in 70 mm with stereo soundtrack and is, probably, the most expensive of modern French productions. When *Playtime* finally opened in Paris after months of advance build-up, the critics were confounded by what they saw. Like Ophüls' *Lola Montes*, another lavish, revolutionary movie condemned by the Paris newspapers, *Playtime* proved to be a financial disaster. Tati's production company was bankrupted and he was unable to direct another picture until last year's *Traffic*, a pleasing but quite minor effort. It has taken six years for *Playtime* to reach the U.S. and it did not survive the voyage without several unfortunate sea changes. Over one-half hour of footage has been trimmed from the American version, which is in conventional 35mm and monaural sound. Most other films would surely be done in by such tampering, but a visionary work like *Playtime*, a miracle of a movie really, has withstood all the meddling.

Although I'd like to be able to put it less pretentiously, *Playtime* is a comedy about how depersonalized, contemporary, corporation architecture has muddled our lives. But it is also Tati's statement of faith that people are more vital and various than the sanitized, rectilinear environment in which they have been imprisoned. To realize his satire of contemporary urban design, Tati rebuilt, in scale, the monolithic skyscrapers of new Paris and the interior of Orly airport. (The high rise buildings were constructed on rollers so that Tati could arrange them in various combinations. Not since the Babylon sequences of Griffith's *Intolerance*—another great visionary film—have there been sets constructed on such an astonishingly ambitious scale.) *Playtime* does have a number of characters who keep popping up throughout the

picture, but its essential subject, and object, is the modern city itself.

Playtime begins with a long sequence in a modern steel-and-glass structure. Nuns, cleaning men, nurses, policemen and uniformed women are wandering about and, for several minutes, we can't quite be sure where we are. At length, we realize that we are on one of the jettys at Orly, waiting for the arrival of an American tourist flight. Tati has already introduced his theme: our architecture is so uniform that an airport might just as well be a hospital or an office building or a church.

The tourists, sweet, unworried American ladies, are bussed to a modern district of Paris, which could as easily be Manhattan or Tokyo or Rockville. Tati's traditional character, M. Hulot, is visiting one of the immense buildings, trying to locate an official for some never-revealed reason. We are treated to a cascade of jokes about reflections in glass, elevators, cubicles, receptionists, foam rubber chairs and escalators. Hulot manages to blunder into a nearby industrial show where he bumps into the visiting Americans. More jokes about international merchandizing, absurd products like waste cans disguised as Greek ruins, and interior design. Except for the bright attire of the tourists and Hulot's argyle socks, the world of the film is black, white and grey, the bloodless, totalitarian "good taste" of modern corporate design. We laugh, somewhat uneasily, at these human beings, repeatedly caught in the snares of their inhuman surroundings.

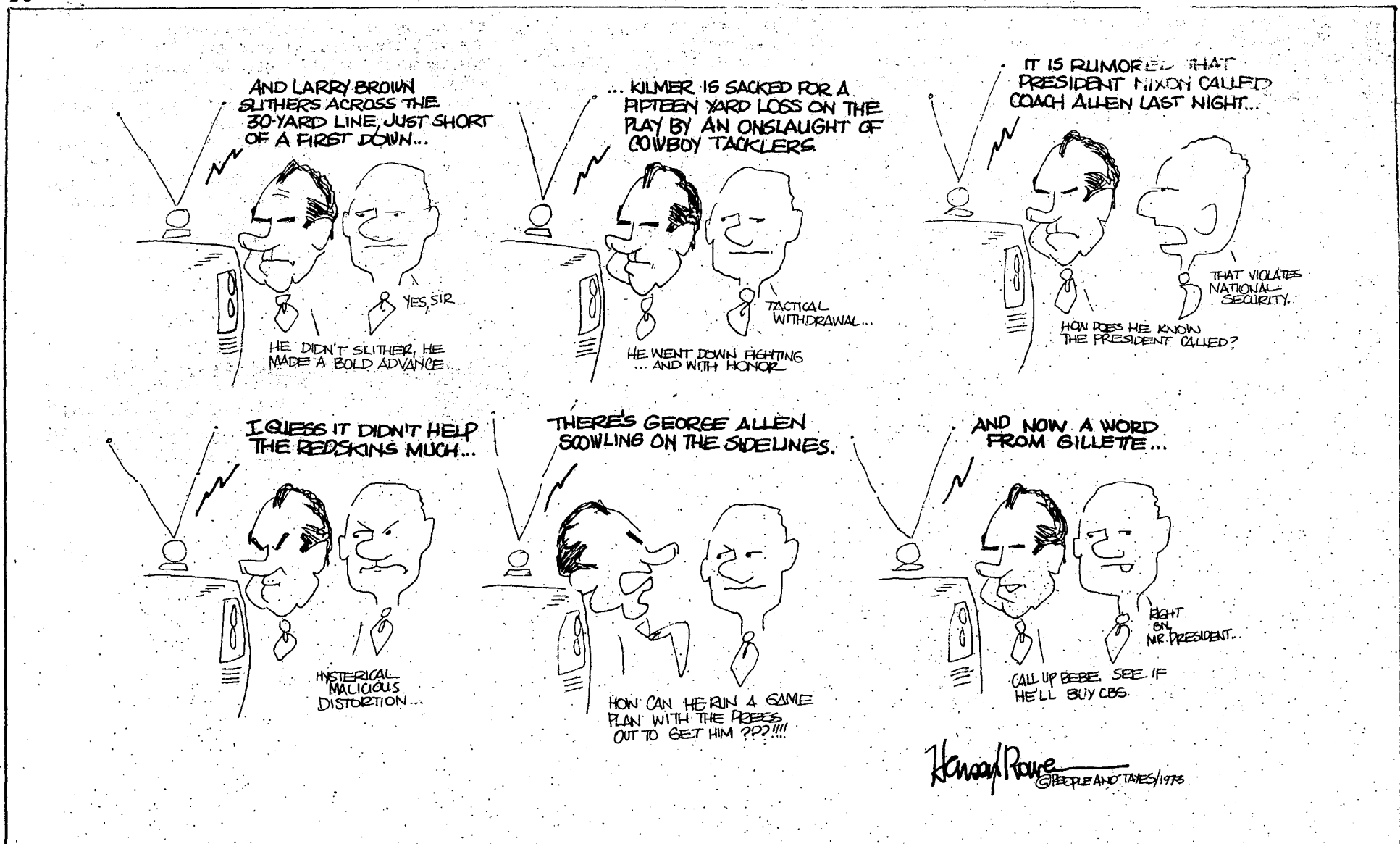
At twilight, the American ladies (including a pretty spinster who, like Hulot, wears only ill-fitted and vaguely unflattering clothes) are bussed to the opening of the Royal Garden, one of those absurdly uncomfortable, over-designed restaurants J. Willard Marriott must dream about. It happens to be opening night at the Royal Garden, an intended showplace which the architect has bungled and the workmen have not quite finished. In a dazzling piece of virtuoso filmmaking, Tati devotes nearly an hour to the restaurant sequence, moving from the feverish last-minute preparations, to the arrival of the first guests, to the hectic crowding of the place, to the gradual disintegration of the entire restaurant. (Tati's genial restaurant destruction might make you think he is cribbing from the more sinister, climactic bistro orgy Louis Malle staged in *Zazie*. However Malle, himself, was borrowing from Tati's earlier films, like *Mon Oncle*.) As the Royal Garden self-destructs, the people in it become increasingly open and liberated until, at last, they have transcended the sterility of their environment, have, in fact, spiritualized it. I can't begin to recount the plethora of jokes

developed in the restaurant sequence. Sometimes six or seven simultaneous situations are taking place on different sections of the screen, and on various spacial planes. Unable to see everything, we are forced by Tati to make a choice, to select which of the actions we want to follow. It's like a twenty ring circus, and the confusion is intentional for Tati has put us in the condition of his characters. We, too, are disoriented, unable to cope with the chaos surrounding us. I've seen the film twice and each time it was a different experience. Tati himself has said: "The images are designed so that after you see the picture two or three times, it's no longer my film, it starts to be your film."

Following a wittily satirical visit to a Parisian "American drug store" complete with buzzing neon lights, greenly illuminating the most grotesque synthetic foodstuffs ever concocted, Hulot meets an old friend who happens to be the doorman of the Royal Garden, so he joins the party too. The destruction is well underway by the time he has entered. The patrons are no longer rigidly walking in the straight lines imposed by the oppressively rectangular architecture of the first half of the film but have begun to move in circles—dancing, drunken, delighted movements. Hulot ends up in a section of the restaurant "liberated" by a loud, drunk, but very pleasant American millionaire, and meets the pretty tourist. After a night of frivolity, capped by a daybreak snack at the ghastly drugstore, the woman must board her bus back to Orly.

Tati ends the film with three "miracles." As the bus departs, it enters a traffic circle which wonderously turns into a dazzling carousel: the breakdown of the fearful linearity of the modern city is now complete. As the bus nears Orly, the tourist opens a gift Hulot has given her to discover a plastic forget-me-not. Tati cuts from the flower to the highway lights which, now humanized, echo the flower's form. In one last daring ploy, we are shown the tourist bus as it arrives at the huge, sprawling airport and suddenly, Tati cuts to a night shot, a very long one, of the lights of Orly, a twinkling feast for the imagination. The material world has become wholly spiritualized.

In the first half of *Playtime*, Tati demonstrates how we have transformed our surroundings into a bleak, colorless, architectural wasteland. In the second half, he affirms his belief that, despite our imprisonment in glass and steel, we remain unchanged: our humanity has not been impaired. When the movie ended, my enjoyment was only qualified by my fear that Tati's vision was perhaps too gracious and optimistic—that, as an artist, he may have sacrificed truth for beauty. Perhaps our new structures—the HEW building, for example—



are indeed accurate monuments to what we have become. But there was one last Tati miracle waiting in the Apex lobby. Departing moviegoers were trying to exit through the thick glass

lobby doors, only to find them locked. Tugging at the doors, people suddenly caught their own harried reflections in the glass and burst into peals of the same, sweet, redeeming laugh-

ter that had earlier filled the theatre. A band of strangers, we shared our laughter, comforted that the hopefulness of Tati's world had something to do with our own.

ART

THE AMERICAN HAND - PORCELAIN
2904 M St. NW

THIS unusual shop is devoted to the finest pottery made by American craftsmen. In the last month it has had an outstanding display of porcelain objects by six women. Two of the women are local, Mary Bowron lives in Bethesda, and Mary Nyburg in Baltimore. The others represented were: Finn Alban, Roberta Bloom, Mary Holt, and Elsa Rady. Some routinely work in porcelain, others contributed porcelain pieces made specifically for this exhibit. All are represented by The American Hand, and their work may be seen there.

The show, with the richness of its glazes, the freshness of porcelain, the display of porcelain next to porcelain, was a joy. The work, while varied in style, was of a high quality. The shapes were beautiful and the glazes outstanding. American artists have been for so long in love with stoneware, rough clays and earth toned glazes that this show is a revelation. Porcelain is a very white, fine clay which tends to be rather brittle and difficult to control. It is prized for its translucency and the fine smooth surface which allows for special glazes. Many pieces showed an oriental influence. The colors in particular were often those associated with Chinese pottery. The cool celadon glazes, once prized for their resemblance to jade, the copper reds which are so hard to achieve, the incredible sky blues, were all represented. In addition however some were given clear and textured glazes. The shapes were often both classic and still contemporary.

Elsa Rady has beautiful sets of dinnerware and cups. Petal shaped and a beautiful blue they are elegant and stunning. Several of her tiny necked bottles are collectors' items. Mary Bowron's plates are often celadon green with vaguely oriental motifs such as a heron. The designs are free and highly individual. She also has vases with irregular sides

and distinctly contemporary feeling. She has a number of small and useful bottles with heavy cork tops. Mary Nyburg uses salt glazes that are interesting with the extreme whiteness of porcelain clay, even though she then loses the smooth surface.

—CLARISSA K. WITTENBERG

ROBERT MORRIS
on the Mall

TWO large constructions appeared on the mall this summer and to this day many people do not know what they are. Some thought they signaled the beginning of Metro construction. A great many people thought the square one was for trash and it had to be emptied regularly.

Finally two official Park Service signs went up announcing that the objects were sculptures. One is aluminum, has an I-beam construction and is open in feeling. It's located by the Lincoln Memorial. The other is square with an open top and rather heavy, almost appearing to be sinking into the ground. It is made of a special rusting Cor-ten steel. This box-like sculpture is near the Tidal Basin. Several monuments are visible from the site of each sculpture and the juxtaposition is interesting. The Washington Monument benefits and appears to be a classic work of contemporary sculpture.

The sculptures are here on temporary loan, no one seems to know when they will be taken away. The loan was arranged by Max Protetch whose gallery held a one-man show for Morris in 1972. He asked the National Park Service if they would be interested and they said yes — if the expenses could somehow be covered. Through Brian O'Doherty of the National Endowment for the Arts, a grant was made to cover the cost of transporting them from the foundry. Max Protetch and six students from the Corcoran School of Art then stood in 95 degree heat and assembled them. Cranes were needed to lift them from the truck and even in the lighter piece each section weighed about 300 pounds. A special wrench was also required.

Reaction to the sculptures has varied. Some people consider it a good thing for Washington and find Morris a major artist. Others have been less positive. They have been termed "disastrous" by Benjamin Forgey, some enthu-

siastically, others not. It seems if one knows something about Morris and his work it is easier to appreciate these loans. Certainly in terms of his work and the work of other contemporary sculptors these pieces are rather conservative. The I-beam piece is similar in design to a Morris sculpture in the American Art of the 1960's collection at the Moderna Museet in Stockholm.

Robert Morris is a young American with a firm reputation in the U.S. and abroad. He works and teaches in New York. Born in Kansas City in 1931, he studied engineering at the University of Kansas City and art at the Kansas City Art Institute, the California School of Fine Arts and at Reed and Hunter Colleges. He wrote about Brancusi for his master's degree. He is a prodigious worker and has produced not only sculpture, but dances, theatre pieces, works of "conceptual art" (The idea is artistic, often no object results), earth projects, movies and recently a videotape for the Leo Castelli Gallery, Soho, New York. He has had numerous one-man shows in museums and galleries. In Washington, his work has been shown at the Corcoran Gallery, the National Collection of Fine Arts and the Max Protetch Gallery. He is a serious and a thoughtful artist.

He often prefers not to title his work, feeling that titles are allusions and draw attention from the work which is "about that thing there in space." He is interested in the change that occurs when people find an object labeled "art." It is legitimate that their attitude changes as they begin "reacting to someone's awareness of art." We have had an unintentional but dramatic experience here to illustrate this. Certainly the materials Morris uses and his technology are part of our everyday scene. There is a strong resemblance between many objects of contemporary art and the random arrangement we see everyday. They jar us to an awareness of our surroundings. They make us think about sculpture and what we expect of it. It is interesting that no one complained when they thought a large trash container had been placed by the Tidal Basin.

Morris often works to the scale of the human figure. The two pieces here are basically man-sized. The severity of many of his works seems to cover human issues and emotional tones. His series of designs for "War Memorials"

express a clear horror of war and grief for the dead. They incorporate such symbolic creations as bomb craters, giant stars and the names of the dead — particularly suited to our time with its ambivalence about wars. In other works there are soft, shaped or human surfaces beneath a hard cover. Boxes open to reveal a nude. Some of his structures could well be tombs. At times rules are defied, so that a box covered with mirrors seems to disappear and a sculpture is hung so it appears to float.

Among his more interesting projects are earth restructurings. Currently he is working on a hill in Grand Rapids. This was commissioned by a group of women with a program called "Sculpture Without Pedestals." A fascinating construction of earth, concrete and metal in Holland measures 230 feet across. It forms a broken circle that would allow someone to walk through it. Open, with the feeling of an amphitheater, it is reminiscent of rather primitive forms, such as the round structures built by Vikings to shelter their homes, the Kivas of the Southwestern Indians or some types of burial mounds.

The two sculptures here are not in a sculpture garden or a museum courtyard, they stand "on their own." They provide stimulation, provoke discussion, startle the eye and divert the mind. They have been a valuable loan and there will be a loss when they leave. We should have many such loans and the opportunity to see the full range of contemporary American sculpture. We could, for example, have exhibitions and galleries on our Metro stops as they do in Paris. And we certainly can be as avant garde as Grand Rapids. — C.K.W.

STITCHERY by Chris Orvis

PHOTOGRAPHS by Patricia Smith-Fox

SEVENTH Street SE is changing and becoming a craft and arts center. Within a space of two blocks we now have Talking of Michelangelo at 655 C Street SE, Lammis at 321 7th SE, and the Washington Gallery of Photography and Your Lab at 216 7th Street SE. There are also two pottery centers, the Eastern Market group and the Worden Robinson Studios at 8th Street across from the Marine Barracks. There is theatre in the Eastern Market now and the mix of all these things is exciting. The cooperative artists outdoor shows this summer were a welcome addition.

In the gallery of Talking of Michelangelo recently was a two woman show: stitchery by Chris Orvis and photography by Patricia Smith-Fox.

In the large canvases created by Chris Orvis, the colors are faded, the silks smooth and yellowed, the beauty of the antique fabrics supported and challenged by the overlying em-

broidery and stitching. There are large, languid, harlequin faced figures reclining in poses of anticipation, face forward. There is a large canvas of a group of clowns and a picture of a torso in silk kimono, the draperies seemingly in motion. In one work a striking silver knife holds the eye at the bottom of the piece. In several tie-dyed silks form the backgrounds for pond scenes. Her work is dramatic and theatrical.

The photographs fall into two categories. There are portraits of people and places in Crete, some in color. There is a sense of moment captured and a timelessness about these pictures. The others are surrealistic, mysterious and often of extremely familiar objects. The photographer has isolated many objects and colored them with transparent colors. A number of subjects can be seen; a doll with the voice mechanism exposed and a band-aid on her head, a cup with two spoons, an organ with broken segments and a screw driver. One interesting series of three has as its subject a statue of Justice which sits outside the Rayburn building. Its stolid forms are enlivened by overlays of color, different in each picture. One longs for the colors that the Greeks used on sculpture when faced with the unbroken whiteness of ours.

— C.K.W.

FIBER SCULPTURE
by Richard Mathews

RICHARD Mathews whose show of flexible fiber sculptures was at the Spectrum Gallery last month, works primarily with rough sisal, dyed or in its natural state, and heavy cords and ropes. He uses two basic knots; the half hitch and the square knot, wrapping and basketry techniques to achieve his basic shapes and then he adds on cords and yarns. He works with fiber hung from ceiling hooks, turning it at times to achieve an overall design. When the work is completed, he brushes on layer after layer of colors, achieving subtle tone-on-tone effects. A particularly effective color used on several pieces is a distinctive rust tone. In some cases the colors drain into each other. He also uses bleaches.

Some sculptures are 10 to 15 feet in length and in the show often draped across and along the floor.

At times he uses several pieces to form a unit. Many of his works can potentially be hung in many different ways depending upon the demands of the space. Richard Mathews will provide photographs of possible arrangements to anyone who acquires such a piece. I find some of his titles unpleasant, but since they are extraneous it hardly matters. Still "Two Sailors and an Accommodating Lady" and "Promiscuous Young Lady Enticing a Shy Young Man" are a lot

of imagery to tie onto fiber constructions. His work throughout is even and strong and his technical skills high. The pieces are largely suspended and few lay flat. Most are rounded and shaped. They would add a warm note to a wall or a hard surface such as tile or marble and would be dramatic in a large setting.

Mathews is a member of the Spectrum Gallery which is an artist's cooperative and teaches in the Glen Echo Creative Arts Program. He has recently completed a commission for the new office of National Public Radio in DC.

The gallery is at 3033 M Street, NW, phone number is 333-0954. — C.K.W.

MEDIA

CROSSFIRE

SUNDAY, WRC-AM 9:05 PM, WRC-FM 7:05 AM

IT would seem that what Washington doesn't need is another interview program. One would think the interviewee would be tired of answering the same old questions from the same old people — reporters whose predilections and prejudices are easily second-guessed before the first question is asked.

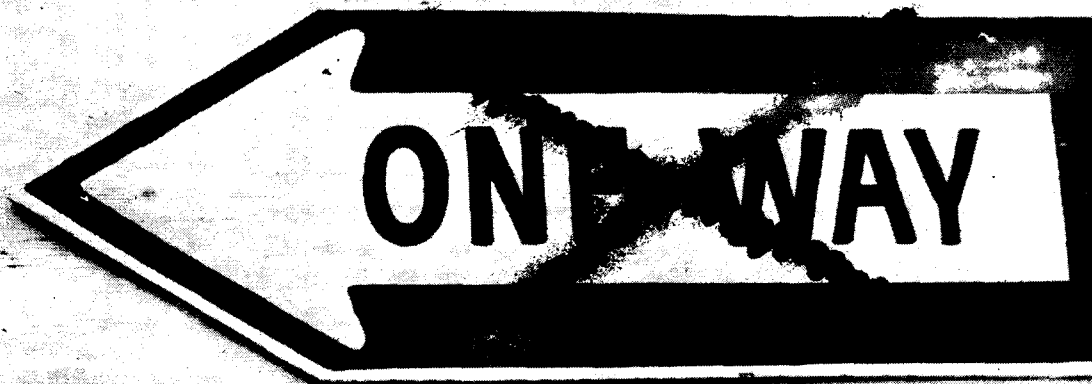
Despite this, there is a new nationally-oriented interview program on WRC radio. It's called Crossfire and can be heard Sundays at 7:05 a.m. on WRC-FM and at 9:05 p.m. on WRC-AM. Like the older programs, as the publicity blurb states: "every week brings a new guest, and a new topic of concern."

The difference between the hosts on Crossfire and those of other interview shows is that they don't have white hair, they don't ask the expected questions and neither host has reached the quarter-century mark yet. They are also doing the program for love, not money, which means they are willing to spend hours in preparation just because they want to know as much as they possibly can about the up-coming guest.

This homework pays off. First, the guest can't get away with his usual rhetoric or he's going to find he's hung himself verbally. Secondly, once they realize that the hosts have really researched the record, they tend to respond with an elusive Washington phenomenon — a truthful answer.

The youthful moderators and producers of the program are 23-year-old J. Brian Smith and 24-year-old Mark Harroff. They view their show

Who Is
Guru Maharaj Ji?



VINCE COMPAGNONE/DOOR

as somewhere between national media which go after points of information and the advocacy shows such as Buckley's. They feel that their show can ask the questions that young people want to ask, yet don't have the opportunity. "There is no young people's show," says Jay Smith. "Probably that's because there are so few young people who are qualified, who've had the opportunity to work with national media and national political campaigns." (By young he means college age to around 35.) "We're not an advocacy program, but we hope that we can serve as a catalyst and show that there is a vehicle [politics] for getting involved and for doing things."

Both Jay and Mark were political science majors. Mark graduated from Denison University in Ohio. He came to Washington to work with the National Republican Committee and came from a Republican family. Jay comes from a long-time Boston Democratic family and started working for the Republican National Committee while still attending Loyola University in Baltimore. He just walked in and offered his services to see what the other side was like.

He was expecting an office filled with fat-cat 50-year-olds, but instead found that the majority of workers were under 25. He also found that the NRC was really not so different from the National Democratic Committee. Jay and Mark soon became the youngest members of the senior staff at the Republican National Committee, Jay as the committee's chief domestic affairs writer and Mark as the director of issue research.

When statistics began to show that college campuses were overwhelmingly McGovern territory, they volunteered to become Republican National Committee troubleshooters to speak on college campuses all over the country, using a debate forum. During the campaign they hit over 37 states and 200 campuses. Armed with facts they attempted to explain the first Nixon administration to hostile collegians. They also would say where they thought the Nixon administration had failed. Unlike the hot shot proselytizers from the Committee to Reelect the President, they kept their approach candid and low key, and in doing so they drew the wrath of Ken Reitz, youth division director of CREP.

Rietz became incensed when he learned that Smith had described the President as "colorless and unexciting" in a New Mexico speech. Another time they said that the President had been wrong to call anti-war demonstrators "bums." Reitz fired off a letter to Magruder demanding that they be fired. Magruder tried, but the NRC retained them and they continued their campus work until the end of the campaign. "I guess we're vindicated," says Smith. "Rietz and Magruder are under indictment and nobody now says Nixon has charisma."

Once the campaign was over they set up their own political consulting firm. They handle press for five Congressmen: Billy Kohn of Maine, Paul Kronin from Massachusetts, Carlos Moorehead, California, John Rhodes of Arizona and Peter Frelinghuysen from New Jersey. On the side they put together their weekly interview program.

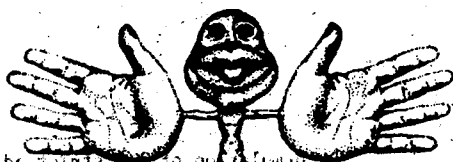
In the ten weeks since its inception they have interviewed Lowell Weiker, William Proxmire, Mort Sahl, David Broder, Pete McCloskey and Haynes Johnson, among others.

In getting ready for Proxmire they found that while he had introduced a Freedom of the Press bill in the Senate, he had, at the same time, made a Senate floor speech attacking the press for its crucifixion of Nixon by the use of unnamed sources. Hoping to find some point of integration between the two stances, they spent long hours going over every statement Proxmire had ever made about the press; but they still came up with two opposing points of view. In their questioning of Proxmire on the show, he ended up admitting he would have to rethink his entire position on the press.

Said guest Mort Sahl, "Do you guys know that you are the first newsmen who have ever come and seen my show before an interview?"

Where do they go from here? "National syndication would be good," says Jay. "But after that I don't know. I don't want to stay in Washington forever. But right now I think we've got something to get across from a different point of view. . . What I want to know, really, when we interview someone, is 'What good are you? - not how many bills you've thrown into the hopper, but how well you've done against that granite wall of institutionalized inertia.'"

- JEAN LEWTON



- LNS

MUSIC

ROMEO & JULIET
Cleveland Orchestra

EVERY person who enjoys recorded classical music has at least one special composition he or she would like to see appear on a disc. For me, that work is the ballet *Romeo and Juliet* by Prokofiev. Now there is the first complete stereo recording of this music, played by Lorin Maazel and the Cleveland Orchestra on London Records (CSA 2312).

For music of such great beauty and emotion, *Romeo and Juliet* has a peculiar history since its completion in 1935. When Prokofiev presented it for performance in Russia, it was called undanceable. Prokofiev, who sensed the beauty in the score, then extracted the first two suites from the music. Thus the music was well known to concert audiences long before its official Russian premier as a ballet in January 1940.

If you are familiar with this music only from the Suites, you will be in for a pleasant surprise when you hear the complete work. Although the themes are familiar, the treatment they receive in the complete work is quite different from the treatment in the Suites. When Prokofiev drew Suites from his larger orchestral and operatic works, he had a habit of reworking the material completely. Thus the Suites are assigned different opus numbers from the original work.

The music on these three new London discs contains some of the loveliest and most pleasing melodies created in the 20th century. For two and a half hours, melody follows upon melody. Here is music you will never grow tired of, thanks to Prokofiev's ingenious use of melody. Here is a master composer making simple material beautiful by using all the techniques available to him - harmonic variation, orchestration and contrapuntal imaginativeness.

This set marks the debut of the Cleveland Orchestra on London records. Under Maazel, the orchestra is as competent as under Szell. London's sound is as beautiful and warm as the music. The detail that the engineers capture, especially in the soft passages, is one of the most satisfying aspects of the entire set. Here is music that anyone will enjoy. Here is music

composed in the 20th Century which can be favorably compared with the music of Mozart or Brahms or Beethoven. Maazel could not have chosen better music for the debut recording with his new orchestra.

- PETER KERMANI, Washington Park Spirit

RINGO: Ringo Starr (Apple),
FOR EVERYMAN: Jackson Browne (Asylum)
TIME FADES AWAY: Neil Young (Reprise)

RECENT weeks have seen the release of albums by three of the most talented and/or interesting performers in contemporary music. The results each one experiences is noticeably different.

Much publicity was given to the recording of Ringo Starr's latest album, *Ringo* (Apple Records, SWAL 3413). Word was that it would mark a reunion for the Fab Four - as the time was ripe, Paul and John's wives could tolerate each other, and Ringo's benign personality would create the most low-key atmosphere possible.

While the reunion that occurred is only partial (all the Beatles appear backing Ringo in one way or another and five of the tunes had writing credits go to John, Paul or George), it's certainly Ringo's best album ever; well integrating the maturity of the Beatles' style with his own tendency toward the bawdy music-hall. From the successful single "Photograph" to Ringo's own "Oh, My My" to Randy Newman's bittersweet "Hold On" (done very, very, well here), Ringo Starr has put together a most satisfying and, most importantly, fun album. Some of the other Beatles should take note of what good can come when one's hair is let down.

On the other hand, Jackson Browne has a problem letting his hair down. The California singer/songwriter very rarely has the edge of humor that would make his solid compositions as excellent as they perhaps could be.

With the release of his second album, *For Everyman*, (Asylum, SD 5067), the year plus since his debut album has seen him going nowhere of any import, cranking out another strong LP that almost is great, but once again, not quite. Included on *For Everyman* are his first recorded versions of two tunes that have done very well for other artists, "Take It Easy" (Eagles) and "These Days" (Tom Rush, Ian Matthews and recently Greg Allman). Both he does well, but they each have done better before by the Eagles and Ian Matthews. Also of interest are "Our Lady of the Well" and the album's prime cut, "Red Neck Friend," in which he really rocks with the assistance of some good sidemen, showing that with the addition of a little "bomp" and a few more smiles Jackson Browne could enter the Pantheon of truly great talents in American contemporary music.

The worst album ever released by a supertalent since Dylan's *Self-Portrait* could well be Neil Young's latest, *Time Fades Away*. (Reprise MS 2151). Although the recording quality of this semi-live album is excellent, the material and performances contained within the grooves comes nowhere near this level of quality. Featuring some of the most inane lyrics ever penned, on top of a voice that was once unique in its strangeness but now has become simply grating, this release gets Mr. Young some small monument for ineptitude. At places it sounds like some of the weaker parts of *Harvest*, at other places it slips to the level of



the ludicrous, with no stops anywhere in the vicinity of the sublime. The low point is hit on "Last Dance," in which the choruses consist of him repeating the last word of each verse in an absolutely dismal attempt at sounding like a lament. Sorry, Neil. Take it all back to the drawing board. You did much better before you began believing your press releases.

- STU ADAMS

PUBLIC NOTICES

THE CITY

THE Family Medical Clinic of the Northwest Health Center, 1325 Upshur NW, offers patients free medical services such as health check-ups, pregnancy tests, VC screening, sickle cell testing and counseling, immunizations and examinations of maternity and chronic disease patients. The clinic, operated by the DC Department of Human Resources, is open on Wednesday from 9:45 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. Info: 629-7329.

EDUCATION for Change, Inc., a DC community foundation, wishes to announce its loan to Washington Community Video Center of one automatic electric typewriter for repetitive letters and lists. This equipment is being loaned for purposes of helping WCV, an inadequately funded community group, to exercise its free speech privileges. The loan, which will last three months, requires WCV

to maintain the machine and to make the thing accessible to other such groups at reasonable times as long as use is for noncommercial purposes and doesn't involve campaigns for public office. At the end of the initial three-month period, and every three months thereafter, EFC will place a notice in local community papers asking for comments on whether a new group should get this machine or if it should stay with WCV. If we are able to get equipment for future loans, availability of items will be advertised in local community papers for applications from groups. Selection of group will be similarly publicized for comments before loan is made. Your thoughts on this experiment are welcome. EFC/box 3528/DC 20007.

FROM SIGRID BLALOCK, CHAIRMAN, WESTERN HIGH SCHOOL ART DEPT: Our art department is setting up a student art gallery in the school. An attractive room in the basement of the building is being set aside for this purpose.

At the present time, the room lacks the amenities of a rug, shades for the door, good lighting, and moveable partitions. We are soliciting these things, or a contribution from the businesses and groups in our community.

A number of Western students have won awards and scholarships for outstanding art achievements in the past. As the existing display space in the building is small, we feel a gallery will help to reinforce these achievements by our students, and will give us a way to share their accomplishments with the community.

You can contact the Art Department by calling Western High School, 629-7007 and leaving a message with the switchboard.

FROM WAIC: Three weeks ago a new organization was born. Calling itself the Washington Area Impeachment Coalition it was composed of a variety of individuals from a broad range of groups from throughout the D.C. area. It was

born in crisis, as a reaction to Richard Nixon's unprecedented firing of Archibald Cox and the forced resignations of Richardson and Ruckelshaus.

WAIC's past activities have included:

- o A demonstration of over 1,000 people in front of the White House on October 27.

- o The collection of over 1,500 signatures on impeachment petitions in Washington.

- o The organization or support of six teach-ins on impeachment on college campuses and in the community.

- o The initiation of a legal action on behalf of individuals ticketed for honking their horns for impeachment at our October 27 demonstration.

The Washington Area Impeachment Coalition welcomes all individuals, to join with us in our work. We are a varied group; there is no one political line or belief common to us all. We believe that only a broad united movement of all the people of America can bring about the end towards which we are striving — the impeachment of Richard Nixon, the 36th president of the United States. We invite you to join with us in that work in whatever ways you are able. For speakers, resource materials or further information contact us at: WAIC, 2111 Fla. Ave. NW (234-2000).

OPERATION COPE, a project of the National Council of Negro Women, is sponsoring a family learning program at the Christ Child Settlement House located at 608 Massachusetts Avenue, NE.

Operation COPE will offer free instruction in the areas of typing, sewing, family foods, consumer education, arts & crafts and basic reading and math improvement.

COPE sessions are open now for registration. Interested women may register by calling 546-1500 or by contacting Dr. A.J. Whaley, Director of Operation COPE on 223-2363.

THE DC Mental Health Association is soliciting 6,000 gifts for its 1973 Annual Christmas Drive — "Operation Santa Claus." The gifts will be distributed to patients at St. Elizabeths Hospital, to 3,000 patients convalescing in foster care homes, and those in residence in the city's mental health centers. The drive will end December 15.

Gifts should be new and individually wrapped and tagged, stating content, and the age and sex of the recipient. Top priority items are clothing (large sizes), games, subscriptions to magazines, books, cosmetics, jewelry, craft kits, and financial contributions for purchasing decorations; Christmas trees and miscellaneous items.

The present can be donated at the following collection stations: Seven days a week—24 hours: Switchboard, North Building and St. Elizabeths Hospital, Gate #1; weekdays at DC Mental Health Association 3000 Connecticut Ave. NW, Suite #100. All Saints Church, 3 Chevy Chase Circle, Chevy Chase, Md.; Christ Church, 118 N. Washington St., Alexandria, Va.; Olsten Services, 1750 K St. NW, Suite N-180; and on Saturdays at St. Columba's Episcopal Church, 42nd & Albermarle St. NW.

LORTON MUSICIANS need instruments. Anyone who can donate same should send or bring it to the DDCB Band, Box 25, Lorton, Va. 22079 c/o James Williams, Academic Instructor.

FROM THE UNITED FARM WORKERS: There are over 230 Safeway stores in the Greater Washington area. We now have picket lines throughout Northern Virginia, Maryland, and Washington. In order to escalate the economic pressure on Safeway, we need more volunteers to join us on the picket lines.

Call us at 587-0510 to join a Washington or Maryland line, and at the Arlington office, 979-1150, to join a Northern Virginia line.

FROM DC PUBLIC INTEREST RESEARCH GROUP AND WASHINGTON AREA FEDERATION OF TENANTS: We have called for the formulation of a District ad hoc hous-

GUIDE UPDATE 1

CLIP AND FILE WITH YOUR COPY OF THE GAZETTE GUIDE. IF YOU DO NOT HAVE A COPY OF THE GUIDE, SEND \$1 TO DC GAZETTE, 109 8th ST NE, 20002.

DELETIONS

PAGE 4: Metro Washington Council on Adoptable Children, Black Panther Party.

PAGE 24: Scientific Workers for Social Action.

GROUPS

ADOPTION

METRO WASH COUNCIL ON ADOPTABLE CHILDREN
4103 Byrd Ct., Kensington, Md. 20795

BLACK

BLACK PANTHER PARTY
1610 7th St. NW
DC

BLACK PANTHER PARTY
8501 E. 14th St.
Oakland CA 94621

BLACK SERVICEMAN'S CAUCUS
3101 Imperial Ave.
San Diego, CA 92102 714-233-1823

CIVIL RIGHTS

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE EDUCATIONAL FUND
3210 W. Broadway
Louisville, Ky 40211

CONSUMERS

CENTER FOR AUTO SAFETY
1346 Conn. Ave. NW (#1223)
DC 20036 638-0420

NATIONAL CONSUMERS CONGRESS
2000 P NW
DC 20036 833-9704

ECONOMIC ACTION

FOOD ACTION CAMPAIGN
1000 Wisc. Ave. NW
DC 20007 338-3976

PEOPLE & LAND
345 Franklin St.
San Francisco, CA 94102

PROGRESSIVE FIREFIGHTERS ASSN.
PO Box 5057
DC 20019

EDUCATION

CATHOLIC OFFICE OF EDUCATION
1200 17th St. NW
DC 20036 223-4354

CENTER FOR WASH. LEARNING OPPORTUNITIES
Mt. Vernon College
2100 Foxhall Rd. NW
DC 20007 331-3540

MENSA COLLEGE
2100 Foxhall Road NW
DC 20007 331-3469

READING IS FUN-DAMENTAL
900 Jefferson Dr. SW
A&I, Smithsonian Inst.
DC 20560 381-6117

URBAN SERVICE CORPS 347-7767

WASHINGTON COMMITTEE FOR DAY CARE
2124 14th NW
DC 462-3375 or 396-8100

FUNDS

WASHINGTON AREA FUND FOR LIFE
120 Maryland Ave. NE
DC 20002 546-8646

HEALTH

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS
2660 Woodley Rd. NW
DC 20008 332-1933

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS 524-7742

ALCOHOLISM COUNCIL FOR MONTGOMERY COUNTY INC.
8915 Colesville Road
Silver Spring, Md. 585-6475

COMMITTEE FOR THE ELIMINATION OF LEAD IN THE DISTRICT
2125 13th NW
DC 20009 835-4152

DC LUNG ASSOCIATION
1714 Mass. NW
DC 20036 785-2444

GROUP THERAPY CENTER
1137 24th NW
DC 20036 466-2255

MENTAL PATIENTS LIBERATIONS PROJECT
c/o G. Brewster
3407 Wessington Way
Alexandria, Va. 22309 360-7092

WASHINGTON HEARING & SPEECH SOCIETY
1934 Calvert St. NW
DC 20009 265-7335

HOUSING & PLANNING

NATIONAL HOUSING CENTER
1625 L NW
DC 20036 RE7-5656

NATIONAL LEAGUE OF CITIES
1620 Eye St. NW
DC 20006

NORTHERN VIRGINIA FAIR HOUSING INC.
PO Box 277
Falls Church, Va. 22046 524-4452

LEGAL

AMERICAN ARBITRATION ASSN.
1212 16th St. NW
DC 737-1415

PEACE/INTERNATIONAL

AFRICARE
2204 R NW
DC 20008 462-3614

COMMITTEE TO SUPPORT THE REPUBLIC OF GUINEA BISSAU
2nd Floor, 164 Madison Ave.
NYC, NY 10016 532-3700

INDOCHINA SOLIDARITY COMMITTEE
Box C
Old Chelsea Station
NYC, NY 10011 212-982-7162

NATIONAL INTERRELIGIOUS BOARD FOR CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS
550 Washington Bldg.
14th & NY, NW
DC 20005

VIET VETS AGAINST THE WAR
2028 P NW
DC

POLITICAL

COMMITTEE AGAINST GOVERNMENTAL SECRECY
PO Box 4995
DC 20008

COMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE ASSASSINATIONS
1520 16th St. NW
DC 20036

PEOPLES POLICY CENTER
1921 Penna. Ave. NW
DC 20006

PROJECT ON BUDGET PRIORITIES
1620 Eye NW
DC 20006 293-9114

PRISONS

ALERTS ALLIANCE INC
PO Box 3245
DC 20010 664-7628

ALTERNATIVES TO PRISONS
PO Box 2194
San Rafael, CA 94901

AMERICAN CORRECTIONAL ASSN.
4321 Hartwick Road (#L208)
College Park, Md. 20740 864-1070

BLACK PEOPLE UNITED FOR PRISON REFORM
PO Box 21056
DC 20009 526-6279

BONABOND INC
527 6th St. NW
DC 20001 783-5460

ing coalition. The coalition would develop a "citizens platform" for presentation at the DC City Council's rent control hearings scheduled for January.

DC PIRG and WAFTA are jointly sponsoring a city wide tenants survey. Info: 676-7388.

FROM HOWARD UNIVERSITY: The Howard University Choir has been honored by the Associazione Felazioni Con L'Estero of Rome, Italy, with an invitation to participate in the International Choral Festival, to be held in that city from December 26 through January 1. This competitive festival features outstanding choral groups from America and Europe.

We are seeking funds to assist us in covering the total cost of approximately \$20,000.00 for 44 choir members, since funds are not available in the University's current budget. This figure includes air fare from Washington, D.C. to New York City to Rome, Italy and return, hotel accommodations, two meals per day and new concert attire for the group. Send checks to:

The Howard University Choir
PO Box 1031
Howard University
DC 20001

Your gift will be acknowledged by the University, and it is tax deductible. A receipt for your gift will be sent to you for tax purposes.

THE Divorce Project of the Washington Area Women's Center is forming a group of women who want to do their own divorces, i.e., act as their own attorneys. The Project can handle only cases filed in D.C. which will be uncontested. Women who are interested should call Nan at 544-8278.

FROM DON'T TEAR IT DOWN: The Transportation Committee of the City Council has recommended construction of the South Leg Freeway. We and most other individuals and organizations have vigorously opposed this project, but our city planning bodies have continued to press for it.

Aside from the obvious insanity of building a new freeway at a time of an energy crisis and the general opposition to new freeways in the city, the irreparable damage to one of the most beautiful and symbolic areas of our city is unforgivable. A tunnel under the Lincoln Memorial and a six-lane trench through sections of the Mall can hardly be considered a community improvement. From the other side, driving through tunnels and trenches is certainly not a pleasant experience. Additionally, the need for this freeway or any increased road capacity is highly questionable.

With the advent of home rule and elections, your vote is beginning to count...SPEAK OUT! PLEASE WRITE TODAY!!!

SADVIPA, a monthly newspaper published by the Ananda Marga Society is now being produced here for local and national distribution.

According to the editor, Barry Wallach, the aim of the newspaper is "to provide the information which will enable our readers to grow to the physical, mental and spiritual stature implied by the name SADVIPA."

SADVIPA is available by subscription for \$2.50 per year, and a single issue selling for a quarter is available in stores, on college campuses and from street vendors. (1354 Montague, NW, 20011. (291-2858)

DISTRICT of Columbia Zoning Commission Notice of Public Hearing, 10 am, Monday, Dec. 10, Room 500, District Building, 14th and E, NW for the purpose of considering Case No. 73-29, the Friendship Heights rezoning.

THE Church of Scientology has announced that its parishoners have formed a community action corps. The group's purpose is to find areas of Washington, D.C. which need social or environmental improvement. The group plans to organize manpower and to sponsor money-raising projects for the implementation of improvements in areas of Washington which need it.

The Community Action Corps is open to all people and groups. Persons interested in offering suggestions or help may do so by writing to Rev. Pat Meisner, c/o The Church of Scientology Community Action Corps, 1812 19th St. NW, DC 20009.

FROM THE DC PUBLIC INTEREST GROUP: A consumer goods repair bill is now being considered by the DC City Council.

The legislation would protect District consumers against exorbitant repair bills, hidden charges and shoddy repair work on most types of consumer goods. If approved, the regulation would be the most comprehensive repair law in the nation.

The law would require the following:
o Presentation to the customer of a written estimate of the repair work to be done, including all possible charges.

o No work could be performed until receipt of written authorization from the customer. The customer would not be responsible for any "hidden" charges.

o The final written bill could be no more than 20 per cent above the estimated cost.

o The goods would have to be returned to the customer on the promised date.

o Each repair dealer would be required to be licensed by the city government with license issued only after the dealer meets specified qualifications and levels of competence.

To enforce the law, the D.C. government would be empowered to revoke a dealer's license, without which he could not require customers to pay their repair bills. Licenses would be renewed annually, with consumers given the right to challenge the granting of renewal.

Concerned consumers are urged to demonstrate support for the proposed repair regulation to the City Council. Letters and telephone calls should be directed to Councilman Meyers at the District Building, 14th and E, NW.

HELP WANTED

RUNAWAY HOUSE, a project in the special approaches to juvenile assistance collective (SAJA), is looking for a male full-time staff person. The work includes individual and family counseling, court advocacy, public relations with the community, and other administrative chores. Counseling skills, experience working with adolescents, and willingness to work collectively are necessary. Call: 462-1515 or 462-5210 and ask for Claude, Liz or Susan.

NEEDED: Child care, general house-keeping, Capitol Hill area, care of 2 year old; 12-7 p.m., five days a week. Call 543-0110 evenings or 265-9500 ext 314 days.

ROOMMATE WANTED to share rowhouse on Hill. Call Carl, 547-1698 eve. \$100/mo.

GUIDE CONT'D

BUREAU OF REHABILITATION OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL AREA
1111 H St. NW
DC 20005 347-9722

CENTER FOR CORRECTIONAL JUSTICE
1616 H NW
DC 20006 628-6094

COMMISSION ON CORRECTIONAL FACILITIES & SERVICES
1705 DeSales St. NW (#100)
DC 20036 223-1528

COMMITTEE FOR THE STUDY OF INCARCERATION
733 15th NW
DC 347-3040

COMMUNITY PSYCHIATRIC CLINIC
4803 Hampden Lane
Bethesda, Md. 656-5220

COMMUNITY RELEASE ORGANIZATION
2121 Decatur Place NW
DC 20008 483-3310

DC CITIZENS COUNCIL FOR CRIMINAL JUSTICE
803 Fla. Ave. NW
DC 20001 438-5143

FRIENDS OF LORTON
669 Ogleshorpe
DC 20001 529-0484

FRIENDS OF SUPERIOR COURT
613 G NW
DC 20001 727-2984

GREENBELT CARES
133 Centerway
Greenbelt, Md. 20770 345-3456

HUMAN RESOURCES DEVELOPMENT INST.
511 Florida Ave. NW
DC 20001 462-2230

LAWCOR PROJECT
Washington Coll. Of Law (#100)
American University
Mass & Nebr. NW
DC 20016 686-2630

LAWYERS TO LORTON
1819 H NW
DC 20006 628-1200

MAN TO MAN INC.
c/o C.C. Motley
11703 North Shore Dr.
Reston, Va. 22090 471-5585

NATIONAL COUNCIL ON CRIME & DELINQUENCY
2215 M NW
DC 20037 296-8290

NATIONAL PRISONERS ALLIANCE
2325 15th St. NW
DC

PRISON INFORMATION REFORM PROJECT
7900 Don Meade Avenue
Oxon Hill, Md. 20022 449-8018

PRISON REFERENCE REFERRAL & ANALYSIS CTR
PO Box AH
College Park, Md. 20740 864-7628

SECOND CHANCE CLUB
2801 Adams Mill Road
DC 20009 387-0868

WASHINGTON PRE-TRIAL JUSTICE PROGRAM
1800 Conn. Ave. NW
DC 20009 667-1800

PROFESSIONAL

SCIENTIFIC WORKERS FOR SOCIAL ACTION
Box 188
Kensington, Md. 20795

SOCIAL WORK ACTION PROJECT
PO Box 808
Bronx General PO
NYC, NY 10451

UNION OF RADICAL CRIMINOLOGISTS
c/o H. Schwendinger
School of Criminology
Berkeley, CA 94720

SENIOR CITIZENS

RECREATION DEPARTMENT SENIOR CITIZENS OFFICE
3149 16th, NW
DC 629-7338

VOLUNTEERS

NATIONAL CENTER FOR VOLUNTARY ACTION
1735 Eye NW
DC 20006

VOLUNTARY ACTION CENTER
95 M SW
DC 20024 554-1333

WOMAN

CENTER FOR WOMEN'S STUDIES & SERVICE
908 F St. NW
San Diego, CA 92101

WOMENS LAW CENTER
351 Broadway
NYC, NY 10013

YOUTH

POTOMAC AREA COUNCIL OF CAMP FIRE GIRLS
1761 R NW
DC 20009 265-4740

WASHINGTON PARENT CHILD CTR
2124 14th NW
DC 462-3375

MISC.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE DE WASHINGTON
2142 Wisc. Ave. NW
DC 234-7911

SEX INFORMATION & EDUCATION COUNCIL
1855 Broadway
NYC, NY 10023

SOME
941 North Capitol St.
Washington, D.C.

VOCATIONS FOR SOCIAL CHANGE
4911 Telegraph Ave.
Oakland, CA 94609 415-653-6535

FEDERAL

ARCHITECT OF THE CAPITOL
U.S. Capitol
DC 20515 225-1200

HOUSING

WOMAN TO SHARE 2 bdrm plant-filled Glover Park apt. \$100 apiece. Rusalie, 546-8645 weekdays; 333-6697 other.

PERSONALS

NOTICE: Interstate Transfer Ltd, 30 North Allison St., Greencastle, Pa., 17225 has been forced to raise yearly compensation to \$10. We still offer free paint for truck, 1 yr supply of business items, any forms you need and limitless supply of saturation ads to be proliferated by any means expedient. If you own a light truck and do general moving work, please send dues and telephone number. Note: we send automatic receipts.

PRISONER desires to correspond to any and all people kind enough to write. Will answer all letters for which I have a stamp. Seeking meaningful correspondence with all in the free world. Please write Fred Landt #526926, Box 777, Monroe, Wa. 98272.

REGIONAL

INTERSTATE COMMISSION ON THE POTOMAC RIVER BASIN
814 East West Towers
4350 East West Highway
Bethesda, Md. 20014 652-5758

RECREATION

AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION OF US
5612 Jordan Road
Springfield, Va. 229-5126

COLLEGE GRADUATES SKI CLUB
Box 4833
Falls Church, Va. 22044 525-6100

FAGOWEES INTERNATIONAL
PO Box 7141
Ben Franklin Station
DC 20044

FEDERAL SKI COUNCIL
13305 Tamworth Lane
Silver Spring, Md. 20904 384-7212

FREE STATE SOCIETY OF MODEL ENGINEERS
Rear 3903 Yarmouth Lane
Bowie, Md. 464-1096

POTOMAC VALLEY S GAUGE ASSN.
4620 Quimby Ave.
Beltsville, Md. 937-3993

POTOMAC VALLEY SKIERS
4 Radburn Court
Rockville, Md. 20850 499-6492

PRINCE GEORGES COUNTY COIN CLUB
Box 303
Hyattsville, Md. 20781

RESTON POLO CLUB 437-6654

ROCKVILLE SOCIETY OF MODEL ENGINEERS
1313 Bonifant Road
Layhill, Md. 434-4986

SKI CLUB OF WASHINGTON
933 N. Kenmore St.
Arlington, Va. 22201 527-1802

CULTURE

AMERICAN THEATER
429 L'Enfant Plaza SW
DC 20024 488-9170

OXON HILL CHILDRENS FARM
Oxon Hill, Md. 839-1171

NEIGHBORHOODS

FAR NORTHWEST

SIDWELL FRIENDS SCHOOL TENNIS CLUB
3825 Wisc. Ave. NW
DC 244-7088

ST. JONS COLLEGE TENNIS CLUB
2607 Military Road, NW
DC 686-0151

CHEVY CASE COMMUNITY CENTER
Conn. & McKinley NW
DC 363-2440

CAPITOL HILL

CAPITOL HILL ACTION GROUP
1002 East Capitol St.
DC 20003 547-6659

RECREATION

SPECIAL SENSITIVITY HIKES will be conducted every Sunday in December from 2 to 4 p.m. at Cedar Hill.

Participants will walk blindfolded through the trails of expansive Fort Dupont Park, located off Randall Circle, near Minnesota and Massachusetts, SE. Emphasis will be placed on the activities of nature that are generally not easily recognized by the casual observer.

Family participation for these special hikes is encouraged. Nature games and crafts will be featured.

The center also conducts group tours of its new animal cabin where live snakes, skunks, ducks, and other animals and insects are housed. These tours are available through reservation. Info: Randy Boyd at 426-7745.

JOBS WANTED

CAPITOL HILL BABYSITTER, F-Sa. 15 yrs old with references. Call after 6. Tabi, 544-4309.

EXHIBITIONS

THE 1973 Christmas season will officially open at Cedar Hill, the home of Frederick Douglass, on December 14. Special guided tours of the house will feature Christmas decorations of live evergreens and other ornaments typical of those used by Douglass and his family in the 19th Century.

The Christmas tours will take visitors through 13 rooms of the spacious house. These rooms will carry out the theme "Old Fashioned Christmas at Cedar Hill."

Washington-area choirs and school groups will sing Christmas carols inside the home on two Saturday evenings, December 15 and 22.

School groups and other interested in the guided tours can make reservations by telephoning the National Park Service at 426-6917.

EDUCATION

FROM MELLOW YELLOW: A new educational program, Mellow Yellow Tutoring Service still has openings for children 8-12. The program, which began operation in September, is staffed by two experienced teachers and designed for children who want or need an educational alternative to the public schools.

The program emphasizes creativity and learning among small groups of children in an atmosphere that is free and emotionally open.

Mellow Yellow is run cooperatively by the parents who are in charge of fundraising, bookkeeping, maintenance and resource materials. The staff is thus free to concentrate totally on the program.

Tuition for the school is on a sliding scale, according to income. For enrollment information, call Kay McNett, 387-5861, after 6 p.m.

THE Graduate School, U.S. Department of Agriculture, announces its Winter Quarter Schedule of Classes. These bulletins are available free of charge.

Courses this winter range from federal procedures to sculpture. The fields include such topics as social and behavioral sciences, physical sciences, languages, oceanography, accounting and photography. Special interest classes such as house renovation, motion picture appreciation, law and the family and the metric system will also be offered in the new winter schedule.

Mail registration continues until December 21. In person registration is January 2-8. Classes begin the week of January 9. (447-4419 or 447-6337.)

THE Washington Area Free University Coordinating Committee meets at the Community Bookshop (2028 P NW), every Tuesday, 2nd floor, 8 p.m. We're planning for our coffee house and this year's WAFU catalogue. Everyone invited. Join us any Tuesday night. For questions and messages call Switchboard (333-5596).

DC residents have until Dec. 14 to enroll by mail in the 10 courses offered for credit by the Office of Continuing Education at Federal City College. The 10-233k courses begin on Jan. 7. (727-2024)

BOOKS

YOUR PET'S HEALTH FROM A TO Z

by Donald B. McKeown, D.V.M., of Ohio State Hospital for Animals and Arthur Animal Hospital, has just been published by Robert B. Luce. The handbook is designed to help the pet owner understand the illnesses that beset the family dog, cat, or gerbil, what's serious, what's not, when veterinarian care is a must, what home remedies will work for common ailments, how to handle emergencies.

Some examples of Drs. McKeown's and Strimple's advice:

Poisons are more serious for dogs than cats — the simple reason being that dogs are foragers and also gulp their food, cats are considerably more fastidious about their stomachs and far less likely to poison themselves.

Pet rabbits often die suddenly and mysteriously of a serious disease called "snuffles."

Birds should not be handled when they are sick but require special nursing care.

Dogs don't need a varied diet; cats do — and both thrive on "balanced" commercial food.

Prospects for modifying the behavior of an aggressive dog are very slim.

ART

ORIGINAL arts and crafts — and how to make them — will be displayed and demonstrated the third Sunday of each month from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. at the Joaquin Miller's Cabin in Rock Creek Park.

The next program will be held Dec. 16. The cabin is located in the park off Military Road, near the north end of Picnic Area Six on Beach Drive.

Persons interested in participating in the program should contact the National Park Service weekdays at 426-6834.

FRANZ BADER Gallery is showing Karoo Ashevak's sculptures out of whalebone. Ashevak is a Canadian Eskimo in his early 30's who lives in Spence Bay. Ashevak is totally self taught, never having even seen an art book. The show will run through Dec. 31.

A **SPECIAL art exhibit** entitled "Touchables," sponsored by the Columbia Lighthouse for the Blind is at the Agra Gallery, 1100 Connecticut Ave., NW thru December 20. The sculptures are meant to be enjoyed tactually as well as visually.

TEMPLE Micah's Tenth Annual Show and Sale of Art and Crafts — featuring the work of more than 90 local artists and artisans — will take place December 8 and 9 at the Temple, 600 M St. SW (across from Arena Stage). Showcase 74 will include paintings, graphic art, photographs, pottery, jewelry, macrame and weaving, woodwork, and Israeli crafts.

FOR the month of December the Emerson Gallery will be exhibiting paintings by a local young artist, Howard Wilson McCoy.

The Emerson Gallery is located on 1437 Emerson Avenue, below the McLean Arts Center. The exhibition will continue through December 29. Gallery hours are 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday.

MRS. Powell's Gallery, 605 56th St. NE, the first and only community art gallery in Far Northeast DC, cordially invites you to come and view their "Sign of the Times Youth Exhibit." The exhibit, which features paintings, drawings, and etchings by youth from the Far Northeast community, will be open to the public Tu-Sun, noon-6, thru Dec. 22. (399-3400)

MUSIC

A **GROUP of black entrepreneurs** has announced the opening of an entertainment center for varied social functions and other related services.

The Coral Reef, located at 4709 Marlboro Pike & Southern Avenue in Prince Georges County, Md., was originally opened two years ago. Renovations are now taking place with financial assistance from the Small Business Administration.

The Coral Reef, with a seating

capacity of 275-300 persons, will feature such artists as Nancy Wilson, Los McCann, Modern Jazz Quartet, Richard Pryor, Weather Report, Etta James and Gloria Lynne.

at St. John's Church, Lafayette Square will present an organ recital, Dec. 12 at 12:10 p.m. Included will be J.S. Bach's Prelude & Fugue in C. Schrolder's 12 Organ Carols for Christmas and Pachelbel's Vom Himmel Hoch.

DRAMA

THE American University Department of Performing Arts presents **The Oresteia** by Aeschylus, December 13-15, 8 p.m., \$2.50 and \$3.00 (686-2317).

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S LEMMINGS, appears at the National Theatre December 18th thru January 6th. The touring cast includes members of the original New York company.

EDWARD G., LIKE THE FILM STAR, a new British play by John Harvey Flint, is the Folger Theatre Group's second offering of the 1973-74 season.

The play involves the events which follow Edward G. Morris's visit as Father Christmas at a children's hospital ward. It is a play of things left unsaid, emotions kept submerged and grief concealed. It was first produced in 1972 at the Edinburgh Festival and was televised by the BBC as the "Play for Today" in June 1973.

THE Washington Area Feminist Theatre's second production of this season, "He and She" by Rachel Crothers, runs through Dec. 16 at Back Alley Theatre, 1365 Kennedy NW. Performances will be Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings at 8:30 p.m.

Info: 723-2040 after 6 p.m. on performance nights. Tickets: \$3 and \$2 for students.

Written in 1911, Crothers' play is concerned with the crisis in a woman's life when she is faced with a conflict between her personal and artistic commitments.

After each performance WAFT conducts a "Sound-off" — a conversation between the cast, director and audience to discuss the play and its presentation.

THE Georgetown Theatre Company announces its second production, **The Rape of Reason**, on the new stage at the Cerberus Theatre in Georgetown. Adapted from Voltaire's satire **Candide** by Nelson Scott Christianson and directed by Phillip J. Baloun, this play will be performed at midnight every Friday and Saturday through Dec. 31. (337-0227)

AN original musical by Washington performers, Jonathan and Judy, will open in the Marvin Center Theater Dec. 12, for a four-day run.

The musical, "Midnight in Flight," is a satire on success. The heroine, Alice, and her cat, Dinah, dream their way into Wonderland and meet characters who resemble the people Alice knows in real life.

Performances will be at 8 pm Dec. 13, thru Sunday, Dec 16. Special midnight performances followed by candlelight breakfasts also will be offered Dec. 15 and 16, and dinner theater tickets are offered for Dec. 13 and 14.

Commercial parking is available in the Marvin Center, 21st and H Streets. NW. Info: 676-6177 or 676-6178.

FILMS

THE Washington Peace Center, 2111 Florida Ave. NW invites you to attend showings of these free films on Thursday evenings at 7:30:

Dec. 13: SAUL ALINSKY WENT TO WAR. (How to organize.)

Dec. 20: I AM SOMEBODY. (The story of the Charleston, South Carolina hospital workers' strike.)

WALT Disney Productions' 50th anniversary will be celebrated thru Dec. 16 at the American Film Institute in the Kennedy Center.

Performances will be at 6:30 p.m. and 9 p.m. nightly, with weekend matinees at 11 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. (833-9300)

The program will include the classics of animation — "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," "Pinocchio," "Fantasia," "Bambi" and "Cinderella" — and such live-action dramas as "The Living De-

sert," "Mary Poppins" and "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." Short cartoons will be shown with all but the longest features. In addition there will be two programs of shorts: a selection from the 51 Disney titles that won Academy Awards and a program featuring the Disney cartoon "The Sorcerer's Apprentice and his Gang." Each picture will generally be shown twice during the series.

In his introduction in the AFI program brochure, Stephen Zito writes: "Walt Disney was an artist and a craftsman, a great producer, and a gifted businessman with the best financial record in Hollywood. . . He was also an extraordinary innovator: many of the films in this series broke new ground in the use of animation, sound, Technicolor, the multi-plane camera and other screen techniques. . . The Disney characters — Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Pluto — and the highlights of his features are a part of American folklore, an imaginative universe that we have all inhabited."

Still and a program brochure giving full details of the series are available on request. Contact Michael Webb, Stephen Zito or Mel Konecoff (202)833-9300.

VIRGINIA

THE 25th annual Christmas Party for the children of St. Ann's Infant and Maternity Home will be held on Sunday, Dec 16, at the Home, 4901 Eastern Avenue, Hyattsville, from 2 to 5 p.m. The new Catholic Archbishop of Washington, William W. Baum, will be the host. (966-5640)

THE NATION

THE Committee to Support the Republic of Guinea Bissau has just been formed.

For more than a decade the people of Guinea Bissau have been involved in armed struggle against Portugal. Although most of Guinea Bissau is now liberated the Cape Verde islands and some cities are still under Portuguese military control.

At present, 50 nations have announced recognition of Guinea Bissau and more than 70 are soon expected to follow.

Because of its close ties with Portugal and economic interests in the remaining Portuguese colonial territories of Mozambique and Angola, the U.S. is unlikely to recognize Guinea Bissau's independence.

Among the people and groups sponsoring the support committee are The Committee for a Free Mozambique, The American Committee on Africa, Representative Julian Bond, Leon Davis of Local 1199 Drug and Hospital Union and Angela Davis.

To help distribute both a support message and a petition urging U.S. government recognition of the Republic of Guinea Bissau, contact the Committee to Support the Republic of Guinea Bissau, 165 Madison Ave., 2nd floor, N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

FOR people who care enough to send the very best, now there are "Cannabis Christmas Cards."

Amorphia, the non-profit marijuana reform group in San Francisco, is marketing special cannabis cards to raise money for pot causes. The cards wish your friends a "Merry Wana" — and are sold in quantities from "lids" to "kilos."

A "lid" of 13 cards for \$2.00; a pound (100) for \$12.50; a "kilo" (220) for \$22.50; a "bushel" (1000) for \$90. Send to Amorphia, 2073 Green Street, San Francisco, Ca. 94123.

THE signing of the Paris Agreement changed the character, but not the goals of the war in Vietnam, a point that is amply documented in the "Post-War War," a new slideshow produced by NARMIC (National Action/Research on the Military Industrial Complex).

In their first slideshow, "The automated Air War," NARMIC, a project of the American Friends Service Committee documented the development of the electronic battlefield in Indochina. In their new show, they set their sights on "postwar" developments in South Vietnam, illustrating how the U.S. acts to prop up the Thieu government in South Vietnam.

The show, which contains 160 slides and accompanying script, costs \$50. It comes with a pamphlet that documents all the material in the slides and script. A 25-minute version of the show is also available.

Write to NARMIC, c/o AFSC, 112 South 16th St., Phila., Pa. 19102. Orders must be prepaid.

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